













## THE SHIRE HIGHLANDS



# THE SHIRÈ HIGHLANDS

(EAST CENTRAL AFRICA)

AS COLONY AND MISSION

BY

JOHN BUCHANAN

PLANTER AT ZOMBA

WILLIAM BLACKWOOD AND SONS

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## P R E F A C E.

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THE MS. of the following work was given to me by the author for publication, when he left here at the end of June last to return to Blantyre. Part was written on board ship, and forwarded from Cape Town and Natal two months later.

My work as editor has been confined to settling the order of the chapters, providing index of contents to each, making a few verbal alterations, contributing Appendix A. to Chapter iii., the closing details to Chapters vii. and viii., the whole of Chapter ix., and correcting the proofs. In no case have I interfered with the views expressed.

I may add that the author is a native of this parish, that I have known him since his school days, was his adviser in going to Africa at first,

have followed his career since with the deepest interest, and urged him during his four months' visit home to write this account of his work, which I undertook to see printed.

JAMES RANKIN.

MANSE OF MUTHILL, PERTSHIRE,  
*September 10, 1885.*

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# THE SHIRÈ HIGHLANDS.

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## CHAPTER I.

### FROM QUILIMANE TO BLANTYRE.

Town of Quilimane—Architecture—Population—Banian traders—No hotels—Cocoa, palms, and oranges—Boats—By the Kwakwa to Marendēne—Tides—Food—Boat-hire and wages—Time—Halt at Inyando—Mosquitoes—Night-journeying—Scenery improves—Water-plants—Fruit-trees—Crops—Oil-seeds—The Zambesi at Mazāro—Fresh canoes and men—Shupanga forest—Lack of fruit-trees—Fourteen days' river-journeying to Katunga's—Arrangements for night—Precautions for health—Morumbāla Marsh—Native critics—Bar-gainiṅg for food—Fowls lower, river higher—*Nsima* of native flour—Custom-house at Shimwūra—*Prazos* and taxes—Morumbāla marsh—Trees again—Mong'we range—Ruo and Portuguese boundary—Elephant Marsh—Large game—Mbewe village (Chipitūla's)—Masēo's—Katunga's—Loads overland to Blantyre—Charms of the road—Makōko—Chipindu—Madziabango—Mbame—Blantyre.

WITHOUT attempting to write a "book" on East Africa, I have, at the suggestion of a friend, tried

to bring before the minds of people in Scotland who are interested in that part of the dark continent, certain facts and information in a cheap and handy form which may enable them to take a still greater interest in what is undoubtedly an excellent country with a bright future before it. If I succeed in deepening the interest taken in the country itself, and in the missions which are endeavouring to Christianise it, I shall consider myself duly rewarded. I write from nine years' experience in Africa—five as gardener and agriculturist in connection with the Blantyre Mission, and four as a planter of coffee and sugar on my own account.

Quilimane being the port of debarkation, I shall begin there and follow the river-journey to Blantyre. A few words regarding Quilimane itself may be of interest.

The town stands on the left bank of the river twelve miles from the sea. It is only a few feet higher than the level of the river when the tide is full. In the wet season it is literally surrounded by marsh, which seldom dries completely even in the dry season. During the wet months you cannot walk many hundred yards outside the town without coming in contact with water. The whole place

seethes with malaria, and is unhealthy in the extreme in the rainy season. The houses are built, many of them, with brickbats and mud. There are comparatively few whole bricks in any of the old buildings. There is first a framework put up of wooden posts, and diagonalled with battens, which keep the frame firm; the spaces between are filled in with broken bricks, stones, and mud, the whole plastered over with mud and whitewashed—sometimes a thin coating of cement is given. The corners are square and sharp as a rule, and the workmanship of houses built recently is very creditable. All the houses are built with a partition-wall running up the centre, and on this wall are fixed several king-posts, which support a ridge-pole, on which the rafters forming one side of the roof are rested and fastened. The great difficulty in housebuilding in East Africa is that of roofing. Sawn timber for couples is simply out of the question at present; and then round trees, apart from the difficulty of getting them the proper length, are cumbersome and heavy, and do not stand weight well. But by using this middle partition, on which you rest a set of king-posts and struts to support the roof, you can have your rooms a third wider without increasing the thick-

ness of the walls. Some of the floors are tiled, others are laid with cement, and the houses, as a whole, are cool and comfortable. The roof consists in most cases of native-made tiles, but now French tiles are being largely used for the new houses. These French tiles look well, but are expensive, costing about £10 per 1000. There is a new Roman Catholic chapel replacing an old building of above two centuries ago, that had become dangerous by cracks in the wall—the ancient tombs with Latin inscriptions of early Portuguese settlers remaining unchanged in the floor here and there. This church, roofed with new tiles from Marseilles, and whitewashed with lime, is one of the most prominent features of Quilimane, as seen from the estuary after crossing the bar.

“What the population of Quilimane is, I cannot say. The white population is very small. I should say there are not over one hundred Europeans in the place, composed of Portuguese, French, Germans, Dutch, and English. Each of the above nationalities has a large trading-house, with smaller stations in the interior. Of natives there is a vast population; but without having the Government census in hand, it is impossible to form a correct

*estimate of numbers*—and even then not easy or reliable. Besides Europeans and natives, there is a large number of Banians from India. These represent a variety of castes and creeds, especially from Bombay. They are born merchants, and do nearly all the trading in Quilimane. You go into a shop, and the chances are you get almost anything you ask for. Of course you do not get the first quality, nor do you get it cheap if you pay their price; but by offering them about one-half of what they ask, you may generally count on getting the article you desire at a reasonable rate. So keen traders are they, it has been said they will drive a bargain for the mere sake of turning over the money. They live chiefly on rice and tea, and are at no expense otherwise, so that they can get on with very small profits; and it is almost impossible for a European to trade against them on anything like equal terms. For a European landing in Quilimane as a stranger, it is most difficult to get accommodation. There is no hotel or boarding-house in the town; and unless one gets into a private house, he may be put about considerably for want of a house to sleep in. There is a club now; and I believe, for ten shillings a-day, you get board and bedding; but every one is not prepared

to pay this amount for what is not equal to a second-class hotel. I have always found, however, that the Portuguese individually are kind and hospitable, and Senhor Nunez's house has long been famed as the resort of Englishmen. To him, more than any other in the town, the English owe a tribute of thanks for hospitality and kindness shown to their countrymen—commencing with Livingstone himself.

A very prominent feature connected with Quilimane is the great extent and luxuriance of the cocoa-nut palms. The cocoa-nut grows magnificently; and in the afternoon, when the breeze comes from the sea, it is most enjoyable to see the long feathery leaves waving far above you, and to contemplate the sighing of the wind as it sighs through the trees, laden less or more all the year round with fruit. Oranges and other species of citrons grow well. The soil is loose and sandy, and is always less or more moist when you go below the surface. On a damp evening, sometimes the atmosphere is charged with a delicious odour from the flowers of the orange-tree—too heavy and depressing, however, for most newcomers unaccustomed to a tropical atmosphere. Oranges you can purchase from the natives at

one shilling per hundred. During the wet season you cannot get them, but then you have pine-apples and other fruit instead; and cocoa-nut milk you can nearly always have by buying green cocoa-nuts at a penny each, or perhaps three for twopence.

Few travellers on their way to Blantyre or Nyasa care to delay long in Quilimane. However, one is compelled to stay a day or two always; for unless some one has previously arranged boat or canoes beforehand, a certain amount of time is invariably spent in getting these means of conveyance hired. Then you must wait the turn of the tide in Quilimane whether you will or not, for it is next to impossible to go up against the tide with a heavy-laden boat of any size. There are various methods of ascending the Kwakwa, and thence to Blantyre by Zambesi and Shirè. You may give yourself and baggage into the hands of the African Lakes Company in Quilimane, in which case they provide you with boat, food, and men; or you may hire a boat from a merchant at so much a-day or for the entire journey; a third way is to hire a canoe, or canoes if you need them. This is the least comfortable method of voyaging, but with this advantage, that it is the cheapest. As a rule, canoes are to be had on moder-



ate terms. Boats are generally dear, but then you take a large quantity of luggage in the boat with you, and are always tolerably comfortable yourself. The first river-journey *en route* to Blantyre consists of 80 miles of river to Marendēne or Mopēa. The latter place is six miles above Marendēne, and is used by nearly all traders for Senna and Tete. Marendēne is more suitable for the African Lakes Company, as they have a sub-station at Mafūru on the Zambesi. At either place, all your goods are to unship and carry over to the Zambesi, and for each load you have to pay  $1\frac{1}{2}$  yard at Marendēne and 1 yard at Mopēa. Your canoes or boats hired at Quilimane turn back here, and you must engage a fresh lot on the Zambesi. It is less difficult to get canoes on the Zambesi, but more difficult to get boats than at Quilimane. In fact, no boats are to be had; and unless you have taken a passage by the African Lakes Company, you have no alternative but to proceed by canoe.

The first 40 or 50 miles of the Kwakwa is the most miserable and monotonous part of the journey. Supposing you leave Quilimane with the afternoon tide, you only get a short distance before the tide begins to turn, in which case you must pull up at the bank and wait patiently till the tide flows out

and begins to flow in again. With an experienced crew, or even good captain, you will have pulled up at one of the regular stations, where it is possible to cook; for let it be remembered, it is not possible to pull up just anywhere and walk ashore. When the tide is full, you are on a level with the branches of the trees on the banks; but when the tide is out, you have a bank of 8 or 10 feet above you, and this covered with two feet or more of slimy mud, into which no white man is safe to enter. Even at the regular halting-places you have to get carried ashore just on account of this horrid mud. Whilst journeying on the river one's food consists largely of rice, and it is unquestionably the best and most suitable food one can use. It has the advantage of being soon made ready, easily cooked, and can be carried cold and eaten at any time. Besides, it is light and easily digested, and these are valuable qualities in a food the digestion of which one can help but little sitting in a boat day after day. Fowls one has to buy before leaving Quilimane, and for these he must pay about 6d. each, and then only get mere skeletons of half-grown chickens. Tinned meats must always form a part of the supply, but they are not to be used oftener than one can help. A supply of food sufficient to take the crew up the

Kwakwa must be bought in Quilimane. Rice, beans, and peas form the chief elements. Rice suitable for the crew costs about  $2\frac{1}{2}$  rupees per *panja* (33 lb.); beans are cheaper.

It is almost useless stating the prices paid for paddlers, as they are liable to change, and one may have to give more than the usual price if boats and canoes are scarce. On one occasion I hired a boat for £2 for the whole journey, exclusive of the pay of the crew. Next year the owner asked 75 rupees for the same boat on the same run, which, of course, I never thought of for a moment. One may get a small boat sufficient to take his personal baggage, crew and all other expenses paid, at from £6 to £8 for the journey; or you may hire at so many rupees per day, and pay the crew yourself, the captain and steersman getting 4 rupees, and each of the paddlers or *marinyero* 3 rupees, half of which has invariably to be paid in advance. Canoes are hired according to size. For a canoe capable of carrying 5000 yards of calico you will have to pay about 80 yards of calico, or an equivalent in money.

The journey from Quilimane to Marendene or Mopēa usually takes five days. In the wet season, with a heavy current against you, it may take seven days. And even in the dry season, if heavily

loaded, you may lose a considerable amount of time by getting on sand-banks, and thus increase the usual length of the journey. I have gone up and down the Kwakya both in boat and canoes, and I am able to say that, considering the circumstances, there is nothing unbearable in either; but a canoe is a little dangerous, especially near to Quilimane, when you come in contact with broken water. One has to sit in a cramped position, and to be careful in keeping his balance. I prefer a boat, even though it be more expensive. To a melancholy person, or one of choleric temperament, there is nothing more annoying than this part of the journey, for it is uncomfortable not to be able to land when you please—and even when you do land, to go to the ankle in mud, and come back into the boat making a mess of everything with dirty boots, or perhaps leaving a shoe ashore. One throws himself down out of peace with all the world, and makes a mental vow that this is his last trip on this part of the river. In such a case, if the fever has not already shown signs, the best thing one can do, unless during the heat of the sun, is to take hold of a paddle and work vigorously till the sweat pours out of him, by which time he will take a better view of life, and look upon the petty annoyances that

make his life miserable if brooded over, as a regular part of the programme that must be gone through. The proper way is to get into your boat or canoe with a good supply of readable books, make yourself comfortable as far as you can, and bear the inevitable.

The second night after leaving Quilimane, with a good crew working well, one can generally reach Inyando, which is pretty near the upper reach of the tide. This is a general halting-place for canoes and boats going up and down. There are several houses owned by a coloured gentleman called Ramao, who rents the *prazo* or district, and collects the taxes.<sup>1</sup> For mosquitoes, both in point of size and number, I should back Inyando against

<sup>1</sup> In 1880 Senhor Nunez gave the following names and boundaries of *prazos* to the editor of this volume when descending the Shire and Zambesi in company—*prazo*=roup, being the yearly rent fixed at public auction :—

*Shupanga*, from the mouth of the Shire down to the sea on the south bank of the Zambesi.

*Luabo*, along both sides of a branch of the Zambesi, with two islands opposite Marūru.

*Maĩndo* begins at Mazūro, and extends to the coast by the mouth of the Quilimane river.

*Marrał*, on both sides of the Kwakwa up to a place called Enhasūjè.

*Burōra*, from Enhasūjè to the interior.

*Karungo*, in front of Quilimane.

*Pipin*, below Karungo.

any part of America or Asia. Woe betide the unhappy man who comes here unarmed with a good mosquito-curtain! Not only is sleep impossible, but acute misery is certain. He may be dressed in good strong tweed, but a tweed suit is no sure protection against them at this place. The only plan is to have one's mosquito-curtain effectually rigged up before dark, have no light in the boat, and remain there no longer than is necessary. Mosquitoes, be it observed, are plentiful all the way, but Inyando is the mosquito metropolis. For my own part, I prefer journeying by night, especially in moonlight, to going during the day. By so doing, you escape the great heat of the sun during the warmest part of the day, and you are less troubled by mosquitoes when in motion. I think the time hangs less heavy on your hand, too; for it is during the night when you are alone on the river-bank, a few natives in sleeping-mats, beside you, but no one to converse with,—the Southern Cross looking down upon you, the whole firmament lighted up with countless stars, and a full moon shadowing the trees and banks in the

*Quilimane-sal* (of the salt), below Pipin.

*Madalè*, on the Quilimane side of the river.

*Ringonè*, a small *prazo* below Madalè.

*Tangalane*, a small *prazo* below Ringonè on the coast.

river running quietly by—not a motion, save, it may be, the ripple of the water or a breath of wind rustling the dry leaves of some palm-tree,—that one passes from pleasedness to awe and eeriness. The whole scene is so inexpressibly solemn, one's heart begins to fail in the contemplation of it—a feeling of loneliness creeps over one as if he were alone in this great universe—and the only relief is got by remembering that the Creator and Preserver of all is as near to the lonely traveller on the bank of the muddy Kwakwa, Zambesi, or Shirè, as in the heart of Edinburgh or Aberdeen.

For the last two days on the Kwakwa the scenery changes, and the journey is much more lightsome. Beyond the reach of the tide the banks of the river are sandy and grassy. Here and there a few large trees overshadow the river in some cases, and as you get near the top you pass through several small lakes of the most lovely character. Their banks are fringed with dense bushes. Convolvuli of varied colours spread their long vines to the very top, and hang in graceful festoons, and open their tempting flowers to the sun's rays. Monkeys sport to and fro among the branches, and kingfishers and other aquatic birds wait ready to

pounce on unfortunate fishes that come near the surface.

In connection with these lakes, the great pity is so few see them. No one thinks of taking a journey to East Africa to see a Windermere or Killarney. In going up the river you meet with great patches of water-lilies, whose cup-shaped flowers float upon the surface. The leaves, supported on petioles often several yards in length, lie flat on the water or sway with the ripple. Most common of all water-plants is the water-cabbage, *Pistia stratiotes*—*Pirulo Alfasinha* of the Portuguese. It is even to be seen both on Kwakwa and Shirè; and so plentiful is it on the Shirè, that I have known the river to be blocked by it for two months at a time.

Cocoa-nuts are confined entirely to the sea-coast, but Borassus or Palmyra palms are plentiful when you get within twenty miles of Marendène. They form a veritable forest at Mopca, and are most invaluable as timber, for when cut down and dried and split, they form rafters for houses, and are, in fact, used for posts and framework. There is a marked absence of timber at Quilimane, and for many miles up the Kwakwa. Occasionally you see a *Stercutia*, or wool-tree, now and then an acacia. There is a comparative abundance of fig-trees, which



answer well to the sycamore of the New Testament. The fruit sometimes hangs in immense clusters on the stem and bare branches. It is edible, but too often destroyed by ants and worms. There is a small orange grown at Ntena, and also a number of mango-trees. An attempt has been made to raise cocoa-nut here, and there are a few trees bearing; but there is little chance of cocoa-nuts doing so far from the coast, unless it might be where there was abundance of saline matter in the soil, and where the salt breeze comes direct from the sea.

Along the river-banks the natives grow considerable quantities of rice, millet, sorghum, *roggy* (=rye), beans and peas, ground-nuts, and *semsem*. In every village almost there is a Banian trader, who has the crop, in many cases, bought before it is ripe. They give good prices, and send the grain on to Quilimane to be retailed there. The ground-nuts and *semsem* are disposed of to the European houses, and sent direct to London or Marseilles. There is a large business done in oil-seeds at Quilimane. From the Zambesi, too, come large quantities of oil-seeds, that either find their way to the Kongōne mouth of the great river or to Quilimane. In the trading of oil-seed there is a vast deal to be

done. *Semsem* grows freely, and the cultivation of it has only to be encouraged. Oil-seeds, such as *semsem* and ground-nuts, do not sell at a price sufficiently high to stand a heavy freight; and on this account it is only on the lower river, where the expense of transit is comparatively small, that a paying profit can be realised. Little if anything has been done by Europeans in the cultivation of oil-seeds themselves. It has been found cheaper to buy them from the natives; but there is no reason whatever why, by using cattle and ploughing and working the land thoroughly and well, the cultivation of this crop should not pay. A farm of say a hundred acres of Zambesi land under *semsem*, ploughed by oxen, harrowed, drilled, and kept clear of weeds as much as possible by machine rather than hand labour, should bring in a very handsome profit to the farmer, be he European or otherwise. Now that slavery is illegal, even in Portuguese territory, labour is sometimes scarce; but by using ploughs worked by oxen instead of hoes in the hands of the natives, this defect could easily be remedied. To employ thirty natives to turn over with hoes what one man (a native) with a plough and four oxen could do, is a waste of labour, and more expensive in the end. • - -

## THE ZAMBESI.

Having left the KwaKwa, and got all one's baggage and goods across to the banks of the Zambesi, the first thing to do is to arrange about canoes for the rivers Zambesi and Shirè. A good deal of irritation and annoyance has to be undergone before everything is ready for the journey onwards. There may be difficulty in getting canoes, or the canoes may be there but no men to paddle them. Men have to be paid forehanded, and in addition they must have calico given them to buy food. Paying beforehand is a bad system, but the Portuguese are responsible for it, and all Europeans have to suffer. Were the natives to accept half-payment even, one would not have so much objection; but this they will not do, so a traveller is entirely at their mercy. However, it seldom happens that they desert their canoes, and are thus to a good extent honourable. The price for a three-bank canoe—that is, one with eight men—costs 32 yards for the canoe alone, 16 yards for each man, and a fathom each for food. In addition, the captain and steersman get a fathom extra; and it is always a good plan to see that your crew have plenty of food, even though you should have to give them a little extra calico for this pur-

pose. You may save a day on the river by judicious kindness, which pays itself twice over.

At Mazāro the Zambesi is about 1000 yards wide. A beautiful river it is, looking from the Mazāro banks. It is studded with islands of various sizes, the sides of which, clothed with coarse grass and shrub, are enlivened by many a creeper and convolvulus. On the opposite bank is the Shupanga country, well wooded, and the home of monster baobabs. Many of these are of enormous thickness. The baobab under which rests the dust of Mrs Livingstone (27th April 1862), measures 66 feet in circumference 4 feet from the base. Its limbs are huge trees in themselves. Out of Shupanga forest come most of the canoes used on the lower reaches of the Zambesi and the Kwakwa. There are many kinds of hard wood to be found in the forest at Shupanga; and were they more accessible from the coast, they might be turned to good account. Rosewood is reputed as being in abundance, and *Lignum vitæ* is not uncommon. The latter commodity is exported from the African coast at Zanzibar, and commands a high price in the English market. At Mazāro, on the left bank, there are a number of mango-trees, said to have been planted by Jesuit missionaries centuries ago.

This may very well be true, and a good work they did when they did so. These trees are of great value, for they bear splendidly, and have a magnificent effect on the landscape.\*

It is a sad pity that so little has been done by the Portuguese to encourage the spread of fruit-trees, such as the orange and lemon and fig. There is no reason why the banks of the Kwakwa should not have been almost lined with orange and lemon trees. Such a work deserves high reward; and what higher reward can one have than the assurance in his own conscience of having conferred on posterity an endowment of fruit-bearing and long-lived trees? The bane of Portuguese rule is want of public spirit; and it is not difficult to account for it—for how few Europeans come to Africa to stay permanently! And how can a man be expected to take a very lively interest in a place where he is merely a Government official for a few years—in a service which is often more exile than pleasure,—an unhealthy climate to contend with, and other depressing influences around him? •

Ascending the Zambesi and Shire in canoe or boat is a slow process. One need never count on reaching Katunga's in less than twelve days from Mazaro, and fourteen days is the more likely time.

On one occasion I was three weeks. The current on the Zambesi is excessively strong. By far the most profitable way, both in point of time and labour, is for the crew to get on to the bank and pull the canoe with a rope made of palm-leaves. The captain and steersman remain at their post, and guide the craft round the corners, of which there are many, owing to the action of the water wearing away the bank. By failing to stem properly a strong current at many a point, you may be carried down half a mile before being able to get your craft's head on to the stream. I remember well losing the bulk of a forenoon in this way. In going round one of these corners the boat must be properly steered, so that the force of the current may not come broadside on. It is difficult and trying work ascending the river. You see before you in the morning where you are likely to camp at night; and often you have to stop short of that. The men get tired; the paddles are dipped in the water with little force, and the craft makes but poor headway. You try to encourage the men, and make mention of plenty of porridge and beans, or rice and meat; but it is of no avail—their strength is gone, and the wisest course is to pull up at the first good sleeping bank and camp

for the night, get an early start next morning, and make the best possible of the forenoon before it gets excessively warm.<sup>1</sup> It is a lazy life to lie either in a canoe or boat under the shade of a grass roof, with a warm atmosphere all round you; but it is dangerous, during the heat of the day, for a European to exert himself either by poling or paddling, though in the morning or evening a little exer-

<sup>1</sup> One of the pleasantest features of the canoe voyage is the singing of the boatmen to the plunge of the paddles. Songs written down (phonetically) by the editor on the Kwakwa, Zam-besi, and Shirè, were:—

1. Dounè muttàmāgo demmāh.

Ai ! oh ! oh ! ai !

2. Kamarènni vumëri iwah

Wo ai ! oh yai ai !

Yama bèma.

3. Makasère namōra gōna

Manwère ngōna

Gona gona.

4. Puddi mawœa

Quedsa quedsa vaddè

Chinga chinga vaddè.

No. 3 is a cradle-song, *gona* meaning sleep, and *Mauwère* = little Manuel. After a song has been repeated fifteen or twenty times, suddenly a new one is struck up by the *capitao*, to be repeated as often or more. Some songs have paddle accompaniment in equal strokes, like the spondee foot — — in Latin verse, while in others the paddles have a trochaic character — ∪, where the short or shallow stroke forms a kind of byplay or offset to the deeper and more powerful effort. "

tion in this way may be beneficial. Unless one knows exactly how the sun affects him, it is foolishness to run any risk by needlessly exposing himself in the sun.

When camping on the river in dry weather, one need trouble himself little as to having or not having a tent. A mosquito-curtain, 7 feet long,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet wide, and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 4 feet deep, having the top made of strong calico, is all that is required, with an extra blanket to spread over you towards morning. A mosquito-curtain of this kind is easily made, and it is easily rigged up at night. One has but to spread his bed on as dry a spot as is available, put in four holes at the corner, and tie the curtains by the four corner-loops, and the whole is finished. It requires only a few minutes to complete the arrangement; and so simple is it, that a boy or one of the crew can manage all that is necessary. The poles that the canoemen or boatmen have for punting their craft are quite suitable for the curtain; but if one cares to carry four light rods, then so much the better. On a wet night a tent is unquestionably necessary; but there are few wet nights in the dry season, and you can generally arrange in your boat under your grass roof for one night. Observe, I am not recommending travelling without a tent. All I mean is,



that should one be in a position when he can't get one, or when the taking of one is an extra burden, he can do well enough without. It is different travelling on the highlands without a tent, for the nights are cold; but even then one can get on easily without one. Your men will erect a grass hut, in which you can kindle a fire, and sleep most comfortably, and be warmer than in a tent. On arriving at camp, tell off a few men to erect a *lisakasa*—and before you have rested long the *lisakasa* will be ready. One has to see that the fire, if he has one, is properly in order before he goes to sleep, else he may be awakened by the place being ablaze, and be compelled to make a header out through the walls, with no clothing other than his night-shirt or sleeping suit.

To a keen observer of nature, travelling on the Shirè river will be by no means unpleasant, although he will have to put up with many unpleasantnesses. He should always have with him a supply of books, so that the time may never be heavy on his hands. Keeping one's self thoroughly occupied is a considerable help towards warding off fever. Be careful of over-exertion, no matter how. People have to blame themselves, and not the country, for many an attack of fever. By taking due care,

without being hypochondriac, one may perform the river-journey without ever having fever; although, on the other hand, there are subjects who would be attacked were they ever so careful. One comes upon a herd of buck, and of course he must have a shot, no matter whether he can kill or not. He follows after the herd in the greatest excitement, and it may be, before he has time to get a good chance, he has run several miles. He thinks now of retracing his steps; but the distance seems a wonderful deal longer, and he is getting more tired, so that by the time he gets back to the river he is played out. Instead of at once changing his clothes, wet with perspiration, his shirt especially, he lies down to rest in his wet ones, and soon after feels chill and cold. The truth is, the same proceeding in Scotland would almost ensure a cold, and in Africa it brings on fever. The country, as a matter of course, must be blamed. Africa has a bad name, and you can't do wrong in hurling one more anathema at the old continent. But the man who performs such an indiscretion (to use a mild term), is himself to blame for his own carelessness. Undoubtedly, in travelling by river from Quilimane to the Shire highlands, you have to contend against influences hurtful to health, but by due care you

may neutralise the evil, although you cannot deny the fact of danger.

• The river-journey from Mazāro or Mopēa, or from the African Lakes Company's stations at Marūru (all three quite near each other), is very interesting until you reach the Morumbāla Marsh, when it becomes more wearisome on account of the low banks, and the monotonous winding and twisting of the river. All along the banks of the Zambesi there are villages built on the highest ground and most prominent places. It is always cheering to be able to halt at one of them, and have dinner or breakfast, or perhaps what has to answer very often for both. A crowd of natives assemble, and pass their remarks on what you do, how you eat, and the kind of food you are eating. • On the Zambesi the white man is not such a curiosity now; but still an Englishman is a rare enough animal to excite the curiosity of a dozen or so of women with their babies and children. They crowd round you, and see no harm in enveloping you with an atmosphere redolent of greasy sweaty bodies and dirty cloths. The slightest indiscretion on your part is sufficient for them to chuckle and giggle over, and any little peculiarity you may have is discussed by all. Then they speculate as to your private affairs. If you

•have with you a quantity of goods, you must be wealthy. They take for granted that you are married; and the speculation may be as to how many wives you have, and how many children. If you are in need of fowls, or eggs, or flour, you give the order for *malonda* to be brought in, and then you will see that your friends who have been chatting so glibly have always an eye on the main chance. *Malonda* they will bring; but time, though money to you, is of no value to them. They of course ask double value for an old cock or a tough hen, and may have the audacity to offer you half a score of addled eggs; but seldom can they withstand the temptation of red beads and calico, so that you can, as a rule, make your bargain at a fair price, and have little cause to complain. • Very often it happens that some old man or woman sitting somewhere in a verandah or below a tree will do you a deal of •harm, keeping the party from selling by hinting that they are not getting full value for their merchandise. In such a case the best way is to walk off with your calico, and leave the seller to the advice of the old humbug; and •it then usually happens that a party thus led into losing •a good bargain, turns round and makes it uncomfortable for him or her. There is a great deal •to be learned •in

buying from the natives, no matter what it is. They have no idea of one price and sticking to it; and although one may think that he should never change his word, he will find that unless he is prepared to advance a little he will make few bargains. Through time the native mind will be educated to say, "I want so-and-so for this article," and to stand by it; but at present they never know what they want; and to make sure that they will not sell their merchandise too cheap, they ask what they are certain is beyond the value, and far beyond what you are likely to give, and gradually come down until they see that you are not inclined to go any further. This, however, is not the case with everything. Fowls, for instance, are sold according to a standard price, which fluctuates slightly, and a few other things are more or less the same. On the low rivers where the Portuguese and Banians have long been trading, oil-seeds and grain are sold by measure, so that there is less irritation on both sides. The natives there, too, know the value of money, and this simplifies matters greatly. •

At Quilimane fowls cost 5d. or 6d. each—and mere skeletons often at that. You can buy a pig for a rupee, and there you may have fish out of the river; but unless you know what they

are, you had better leave them alone. As you go up the river, the price of fowls and every other article falls, but you may have great difficulty in obtaining them at the villages on the banks of the river. At Mazāro fowls cost about 3d.; and when you ascend the Shirè to Chipitula's country, you may get as many as you like at one foot of calico each, or six feet for five fowls. I have never known them cheaper than this, nor do I ever expect to see them lower in price than three for one yard of calico, worth about 4½d. At Blantyre the price used to be this; but it has risen lately to half a yard each, and they are cheap even now at that. I mention these facts in reference to fowls, for they are the main element of food, both on the river and elsewhere. Tinned meat is good enough, but it should only be used occasionally. Besides being expensive, it is not so easily digested as fowl; and the latter, when roasted, stewed, or made into a pot of thick rice-soup, is very palatable. On the river, if you have a mind to, you may always have a plateful of the inevitable *nsima* or *ugali*. This is made out of native flour, and when thoroughly well cooked is good enough; but unless well cooked, should be taken very sparingly by any save those who have strong digestive powers.\* It should be

boiled for at least half an hour, to correct all deficiencies in grinding.

'Three days' good hard rowing and paddling take you to the mouth of the Shirè. Below the confluence of the Shirè with the Zambesi is Shimwāra, where the Portuguese Government has had a custom-house for the purpose of checking all transit goods cleared at Quilimane for the interior at transit duty. Below the custom-house is a homestead, which till recently was held by Señora Maria. Here the French house had 'a station, which was destroyed by the Machinjiri last year. Away to the right, as you ascend the Zambesi, is a range of hills, which are a pleasant feature in the landscape. These hills rise to perhaps 1000 feet, and in among them are some fine bits of scenery. At one point they come down to the river, so much so that you have to keep well out for fear of grounding on stones. This point is above Shamo, on the Shirè, and not far below Morumbāla. Until you reach Morumbāla, two days farther on, there is nothing very special to attract your attention. The Zambesi, a fine wide river, is studded with islands and sand-banks. The banks of the river are high, and you may camp almost anywhere. There are villages up

the river-bank till you reach the Morumbāla Marsh; but one cannot help thinking that there might have been a vast population compared with what there is, but for slavery and its effects. The country is capable of supporting a dense population, instead of a small village every two miles or so. These natives pay a poll-tax of two rupees each to the Quilimane Government. The country is divided into so many districts called *prazos*, which are put up for auction every three years. The lessee pays the Government the rent, which is based upon the number of residents, and he (the lessee) has to collect his money from the natives either in money, merchandise, or labour. In this way much injustice has often been done. Natives, when paying their taxes in oil, seeds, or grain, have had to pay beyond the real value of the tax. Again, they were compelled to give labour when required by the lessee; and the result of this system is so unsatisfactory, that every few years the natives rise against the white man. On the other hand, it is difficult for a Government to rule thousands of natives unless they have them thoroughly in hand; and the money necessary for doing so must, to a great extent, come from themselves.

Under Morumbāla is perhaps the most pleasant



part of the journey up river. Wherever you have a high mountain beside you, there is a feeling of grandeur about the place, especially if it is clothed to the summit with tropical vegetation, as is the case with Morumbāla. Its height is put down at 4000 feet above sea-level. Standing alone on the plain, the effect is impressive. On the right bank of the river is a great extent of *Borassus* palm, and behind rises a range of low mountains, that follow the river for many miles. This mountain is put down as the Manganja range; but, as is the case with all the ranges, every little peak has its own name. The river at Morumbāla winds and twists about through a vast marsh, which is a large lake in the wet season. One part of it even in the dry season goes under the name of a lake, and is a pleasant sheet of water. Going through this marsh is very monotonous and unpleasant, besides uncomfortable. Mosquitoes are numerous; and owing to so much long grass on both sides and wet ground, it is difficult to get a good camping-place. Before going into the marsh, one is better to be provided with firewood sufficient to cook his meals for two days; for there is little to be got, until you are well through it, that will serve for fuel, unless you can get a supply of dry reeds or strong grass.

• In the marsh is to be had good fowl-shooting. There is a variety of large birds—cranes, storks, flamingoes, &c.,—and if one has plenty of time, and not particular as to losing a day or so, he may enjoy himself even here.

Having got through the marsh, the journey becomes more pleasant and interesting. The banks are clothed with a variety of bushes and trees, and these again are clothed with many brilliant creepers. On the left bank, ten miles or so back from the river, rises the range of mountains that, with breaks here and there, extends to the Murchison Rapids, and the country gradually rises as you go backwards until you reach the highest level, about 3000 feet above the sea. Mount Clarendon, or Chiperoni, stands prominently out; and once having seen the Mong'we range of peaks, there is no misdoubting them again.

Above Mong'we the Ruo comes on its way from Mlanjè to the Shirè, and at the confluence of the Ruo with the Shirè there is a village which belongs to the Makololo. This was Chipitūla's chief village in the lower extremity of his territory, and it was here that a sad scene was enacted in 1884. The Ruo here at its mouth is about 100 yards wide, a pleasant-looking river navigable for ten or twelve

miles, but beyond that there are a series of rapids which render all navigation impossible. At the Ruo you are beyond Portuguese territory. It has long been disputed by the Makololo and the Machinjiri, and Chipitūla made several attempts at asserting his authority far below the Ruo, which resulted in war between the Machinjiri and the Makololo. Chipitūla is no longer there to defend his territory, and it would be a good boundary-line were the Ruo made the limit of Portuguese territory, and recognised by them as such. Beyond this they have never been, and even the Machinjiri's *prazo* below the Ruo, though in Government hands, was a very rebellious one.

At the Ruo it is well to lay in a stock of food, for above this you enter upon the Elephant Marsh, which lasts for three or even four days. This is a wearisome part of the journey; the river takes many a tortuous turn, and there is little to relieve the monotony. To one who desires sport, however, there is generally abundance of game in the marsh. Large herds of buck of various kinds come to the river-edge, and buffalo and elephant as well. Hippopotami are to be seen by the half-dozen, and if one has time and heavy guns he may do damage among them.

• Crocodiles are to be seen here and there all up the river, but they are not always most plentiful when they are visible. No one is safe to venture into the river at any point, except it be in the most shallow place, where he can see a clear bottom for a distance round him.

At the head of the Elephant Marsh there is another huge belt of Borassus palm. Farther on you come to Mbewe, Chipitūla's main village, in the upper end of his territory. Above him a few miles, on the other bank, is Masēo's village, and farther on is Katunga's, on the Blantyre side. The journey by river is now at an end, and the first thing to do is to get canoes or boats unloaded, and the loads sent off to their destinations. If the men have been from Mazāro, they turn back at once. The Makololo chiefs whom you have seen are kindly disposed towards white men, English in particular. They, however, think they should be made a good deal of, and expect a present from all who pass up.

There is often considerable difficulty in getting porters at Katunga's to carry loads to Blantyre. If one has a large number of loads he may have to wait till men come from the highlands, and then he will have trouble, likely, in getting heavy boxes

sent away. It is well to have all loads under 50 lb., and if over 50 lb., not more than 90 lb. Calico is not such a rare commodity now, and unless they can get a load they can go with easily, they simply go without. There is less trouble, too, in every way, when your loads are small and manageable. Unwieldy loads—such as boxes requiring several men to carry them—are always a source of trouble and irritation. It is not to be expected that every load can be kept to 50 lb., but it is what should be kept in view. The price paid hitherto for carrying a load to Blantyre is one fathom of cotton, worth about 9d. Doubtless the price will rise, but by using oxen and waggon instead of men as porters, the latter may be made to think twice before they refuse to carry.

The first three miles *en route* to Blantyre from Katunga's are over a level plain. A 10-feet wide road was made at one time, and has been hoed occasionally, but it is generally so overgrown with grass as to render it almost invisible. Having walked these three miles, you begin the first ascent, which for a short distance is very steep, being as much as 1 in 5, coming to 1 in 10, which lasts for a few hundred yards. Then you have an ascent of 1 in 20, and there is nothing steeper

than this. Ascending the hills is hard work, especially after you have been having so little exercise during the river-journey. Coming round this and that corner, you have some lovely bits of scenery. The hills are all separated from one another by ravine and valley, and in some of these you may descry a stream winding its way to the Shire, or hear the gentle noise of a miniature waterfall, or the gurgling of a small hill-burn going steadily on its appointed course, contributing its quota to the main stream. Around you is the richness of tropical vegetation; tree and flower tell you that you are in a country that knows not frost or snow. The air is exhilarating, too, after the heavy warm atmosphere of the river, and you feel as if you could live for ever in such a place, and wonder how it is that the world is so arranged that in one place human beings are so thickly packed that life is a burden, whilst a fine and free country lies unknown and uninhabited.

At Makoko, four miles above the plains, water is to be had in the valley below the road, and Katunga has built a village here, where any one is welcome to put up for a night in a big hut he has erected for himself. After refreshing one's self here you proceed onwards, still ascending, till you come

to Chipindu, where you turn to the other side of the ridge, and descend slowly till you come to Madziabango, where you have more water, and a rest if you have a mind to. Above Madziabango the road ascends until you come near to Mbame, which is within fourteen miles of Blantyre. From Mbame to Blantyre is a delightful walk, as is indeed the whole road; but too often one is tired and heavy, and not in a position fully to enjoy the scenery through which he passes.

Undoubtedly, if one wishes to avoid being troubled with looking after boats and canoes, the better plan is to take the African Lakes Company's steamer, and go right from Marūru to Katunga's. There is always an agent in Quilimane, from whom all help, and information as to prices, &c., can be had.

## CHAPTER II.

## THE SHIRÈ HIGHLANDS.

Made known twenty-five years ago—Four settlements now made in missions and trade, with three inland steamers—Names of chief trees in hill forests—Distribution of plants according to temperature on river and hill—Case of baobab—*Amaranthus caudatus* and *Jatropha Curcas*—Msũku—Borers in Njombo and bamboo—Bark-cloth—Method of making, and warmth—Same bark for fence-ties, house-partitions, hen-coops, grain-bins—Canoes at Mozambique—Soil and climate for coffee—Land and labour cheap—Transit easy—Need of more settled government—Forty acres of coffee already—Report on sample by London brokers—Cinchona growable all over—Indigo grows wild—Water-power for mills—Plea for a British protectorate—District equal to Cape Colony and Australia—£100,000 already invested—Kongõne mouth of Zambesi true outlet of Shirè valley and highlands—Should be made a free port—Need of guarding natives from rum, gunpowder, and kidnapping.

It is now twenty-five years since Dr Livingstone proved to the minds of people at home the existence of lakes and mountains in a part of East Africa supposed to be nothing but a waste wilderness. By delivering lectures in some of the chief



towns in England, Scotland, and Ireland, he created an interest in this new region, which took a practical shape in the Universities Mission, referred to elsewhere. He showed that this new country was no mere desert, but a well wooded and watered land, capable of being turned to good account. He was most enthusiastic regarding it, and looked upon it as a home suited for many Scottish families. His published Life (by Dr Blaikié) tells us that to further his colonising scheme he would have spent £2000 of his own private money. The scheme was found then impracticable, but the idea has never been lost sight of. At present there are the Blantyre Mission, with several sub-stations at Zomba and elsewhere, fulfilling, though perhaps not exactly in his way, his ideas; and then, in addition, the African Lakes Company, endeavouring to establish commerce and agriculture; and Buchanan Brothers, growing coffee for export, and sugar for local consumption. On the west of Lake Nyassa the Free Church of Scotland has a mission station at Bandawe, on the lake shores; another on the 'Angēni hills' and at Maliwanda, 60 miles to the north of Nyassa. On the east of Nyassa the Universities Mission has established itself, with a steamer on the lake. On the Shirè river

is a small steamer, the Lady Nyassa; and on the lake another, the Ilala,—both the property of the African Lakes Company.

Taking the Shirè highlands as a district, and as a whole, it is a delightful country, and only requires to be better known to be better appreciated and taken advantage of. Even yet people are too apt to suppose that Africa must be arid and barren, though to a certain extent this is not the case as regards the Shirè highlands. During the dry season the country has a burnt-up appearance, but there are many streams and burns that never dry up even in the hottest weather. The presence of hills, and mountains, and valleys gives to the landscape a varied and grand appearance, and influences the climate to a great degree. Those mountain-sides are, many of them, clothed with dense bush to the top, especially in ravines and gorges, and they have a dark, dense appearance, ever reminding one that only in tropical countries can you find such.

As tropical countries go, the Shirè highlands are well wooded. Of course one need not look for large forests of great trees; such are not to be found. Beside streams you meet with handsome specimens of Mbawa (*Khaya senegalensis*), having

a clear straight stem 30 feet, with a diameter of 3 feet at the base. This is the chief tree used for canoes on the upper river. Then there are Nyonwe (*Nuxia congesta*), and other species of the same genus, Mkundi (*Parkia filicordia*), a very handsome tree, having tassellated flowers attached to a peduncle often 18 inches in length. Mwenya is another tall straight-stemmed tree; and Mwayi (*Erythrophleum guineensis*) is a giant, having arms spreading like a monster oak, and hard-wooded. Looking from an elevated position, one can easily tell the number of streams that exist over a distance of twenty miles, through seeing the dark line of big trees along each water-course. •

There is a marked difference between the vegetation on the river and that on the highlands. In South Africa, botanists have found sometimes that a river may delimitate the habitat of certain species. You may find a plant growing freely on one side of a river which is not to be found at all on the other side. There is no such marked difference between the vegetation of the river and that of the highlands. Many species grow in common; but certain trees and plants are distinguishable as belonging to the river, where the heat is greater, and others again to the highlands, where the mer-  
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cury may fall to  $37^{\circ}$  in the cold months for a few nights. The baobab, for instance, is never found, so far as I have seen, at an elevation of over 2000 feet. Tamarinds, too, are confined to a similar altitude. Baobabs are plentiful all along the Shirè banks, both below and above the cataracts. Then on the shore of Nyassa you find them again. On Lake Shirwa island the baobab is the chief tree, but on the highlands at Blantyre and Zomba not a trace of it is to be found. A traveller might almost be able to tell his altitude by observing the limits of the baobab.

On the other hand, as has been remarked, there are certain species that grow over a great extent of country, have a wide range of temperature, and thrive equally well at sea-level and at an altitude of 3000 feet. *Amaranthus caudatus*, or Love-lies-bleeding, you find growing profusely at Quilimane within a few yards of the river. The same species meets you all up the river; and at Blantyre and Zomba, at old gardens and deserted villages, so freely does it grow, that often on a wet morning, when one has to force his way through it, he is inclined to make a mental vow that his connection with Love-lies-bleeding will cease from that date. *Jatropha Curcas*, again, grows into a handsome

shrub at Quilimane, and it does the same at an elevation of even 4000 feet. But though there are thus a number of species having a wide range, the difference between lowland and highland vegetation is quite apparent. The difference is not so much in quality as kind. On the river you meet with grass growing to 10 feet or even more, and where there is a patch of dense bush you find it garlanded with graceful convolvuli and a host of leguminous plants; but the same holds good on the highlands wherever you have depth of soil and moisture. Compare the vegetation of one of those ravines on the mountains at Blantyre, say Ndilandi, Malabvi, or Soche, with any part of the Shirè, save, perhaps, the Elephant and Morumbala marshes, and you will find that vegetation, though of different species, is as luxuriant in the one place as the other. The aspect in both cases is tropical, and consequently grand.

It has already been remarked that there is no forest properly so called on the highlands. The country is covered with trees, but they are on the whole small, with the exception of a few soft-wooded trees, such as *Ficus sycomorus*, or Mkuju of the natives; *Vitex umbrosa*, Mpindimbi; *Erythrina speciosa*, Chandimba; *Parinarium mobola*, Mbembu;

*Brachystegia longifolia*, Njombo, the tree used chiefly for bark-cloth; and a few others. The most important tree in the Blantyre district is the Msūku. It has a wide range, and is confined to a high altitude. I have not seen it below 2000 feet, nor do I believe it has been found by others at a lower elevation. Livingstone in his Last Journals makes mention of it as being abundant on the highlands to the east of Nyassa. Its botanical name is *Nalpaca Kirkii*, the Chiao name Msūku, and the fruit Lisuku, plural Masuku. I believe I am correct in saying that four-fifths of the wood used hitherto at Blantyre and Mandala has been Msūku. Seldom do you find a good tree over a foot diameter. You may get them to measure more, but then they are nearly always rotten in the centre. A far more common size is eight inches square. The wood is reddish when green, turns darker when dry, and occasionally you see a piece that might pass for mahogany. It splits readily when cut into boards, twists and cracks and gets exceedingly hard when well dried. However, it lasts well, and is not so soon attacked by insects or the borer as the softer kinds. Njombo, for instance, is almost of no use other than firewood. The wood is exceedingly tough and twisted, but lasts only a few months.

I have seen a full-grown tree attacked and well bored by insects in less than three months. Make couples of Njombo, and every morning a month after, there will be a shower of dust to sweep out of the room. The same is too often the case now with bamboos. When the Mission party arrived at Blantyre nine years ago, every stream abounded in tall and well-grown canes; but these have all been used, and unless one sends four or five miles, mature canes are not to be had. Young bamboos get eaten by insects in a short time. We have not yet hit upon a plan that will render them impervious to the borer, and a new roof, after the first month or so, keeps sending down daily a small shower of bamboo dust. In some of the houses, such as store, &c., where sweeping is not resorted to, you may find dust from an eighth part to a quarter of an inch thick that has fallen from the bamboos that have been used on the roof.

#### BARK-CLOTH.

It is the bark of Njombo and other species of *Brachystegia* that the natives use for bark-cloth. Stanley mentions a species of *Ficus* as grown specially by various tribes for the purpose of

bark-cloth. Speke and Grant, too, found the Njombo used for bark-cloth. I have known the bark of the baobab made into cloth by the natives of Shirwa island, but on the highlands, where the Njombo is plentiful, nothing else is used. It is wonderful how people adapt themselves to circumstances. On the river, where it is warm, little or nothing need be used; but on the highlands, especially during the cold months, it is hardly possible for people to get on without some little covering, unless they choose to remain in their huts all day beside the fire.

To make good bark-cloth, experience and care are required just as in almost everything else. In the first place, the selection of a clean stem is the most important part; for a knotty bark can never make good cloth. A man may proceed to the bush alone; but often, as in the case at Chirasulu, a number of men will go and make camp for days in the bush, when they cut down a number of trees, averaging about six inches in thickness. Selecting those that have a clean stem and whole bark, free from knots, they cut off about six feet in length, make a slit the entire length, and after beating for a short time, peel off the whole piece. The outside bark is then scraped off, and the *liber* retained. In



this way it is carried home to the village, after which it is steeped for a couple of days in water, often in the stream by the village, or mud-hole. The next process is the manufacturing of it into pliable cloth. On the village green or place of assembly, there are often one or two logs of hard wood, measuring about eight inches in diameter, lying about. The manufacturer sits astride one of these, lays the bark on in two or three folds, and begins to beat it. His hammer is a wedge-shaped piece of ebony or other hard wood, having a flat head grooved into so many diamonds a quarter of an inch deep, and fastened into a piece of split bamboo, which is tightened on the head by a bit of bark-twine. In this way you may hear a tap, tap, tap going on for a couple of days, and you know that cloth is being made. After the bark has been sufficiently beaten, it is stretched out to about a yard in breadth, and is then ready for use. A complete suit is thus made without a single stitch. There is a wonderful power in bark-cloth for keeping out cold. Though now few need wear it at Blantyre, you see women with it often above their calico on cold days, and in wet weather too; and a feature one has always been glad to encourage is their wearing bark-cloth for dirty work—such as

opening out ditches, tramping clay, or moulding bricks, and keeping their calico clean for cleaner work.

There are various uses to which the bark of Njombo and its allied species is applied besides that of bark-cloth. All the tying of fences, thatching of houses, and bamboosing partitions is done by using the *liber* of these trees. Then it is common to see at almost every village pigeon-houses and fowl-houses made out of a cut of bark from a Njombo tree. A ring is cut round the tree a little above the ground; then four feet higher up another is made, and a longitudinal cut completes all that is necessary. The bark is easily removed in a piece, and taken home to the village. The longitudinal cut is either sewed together by Mgoji bark twine, or held by putting pins through both sides. The ends are closed by filling them in with split bamboos, leaving a hole in one end for pigeons or hens to go in and out at.

At Mlolo's village, on Mong'we, I saw bins for holding grain made out of bark in much the same way as the fowl-coops and pigeon-houses. Each bin would hold several bushels, and would be to a great extent secure from rats and other vermin. The ends were closed in with a flat piece of bark.

sewed to the cylindrical portions. Lying about the village before being set into their position, they looked like huge drums.

In many places canoes are often made out of the bark of Njombo. I have not seen any; but I know they exist on the caravan-route to Mozambique, and elsewhere. It often happens that a caravan travelling in the wet season is pulled up by some small stream now in flood, and again a marsh flooded into a lake. In such cases the alternative usually followed is to make a canoe out of bark, and ferry the whole party and goods across. It is dangerous work, however; and I know a case in which several women were drowned when crossing one of these lakelets. Speaking of bark-canoes, the wonder to all who visit Mozambique is a native and his bark-canoe going out into the bay to catch fish, and to procure coral and shells, which they bring to the steamer for sale. Considering that the harbour and bay swarm with sharks—well known to the natives—it shows a deal of courage and skill on their part to undertake a voyage out in a canoe. The canoe is so light that a man could easily carry it. They seldom carry more than one man, whose time is entirely taken up in paddling and baling. When there is a favourable wind the canoe-man

takes his loin-cloth, which for convenience' sake he has had wound round his head like a Mussulman's turban, ties it on to two small rods, which he sets up in the canoe, and away the craft flies before the wind like a thing of life—a wonder to all who see them.

THE SHIRÈ HIGHLANDS AS A DISTRICT SUITABLE  
FOR COFFEE.

In these times when planters in Ceylon and India have to contend against so many disadvantages, is it not worth while considering whether a new field would not prove the great remedy for a host of evils? Of late years Africa has drawn much attention from men employed in agricultural pursuits, and that Africa will be the country of the future is a generally accepted fact.

I wish to be understood as speaking favourably of the Shirè highlands as a district on the whole suitable for the cultivation of coffee, which we have proved, by samples sent to London brokers, to be of good quality. Planters in Ceylon have suffered severely of late from the bug pest, and not a few have had to give up their estates on account of bad times. I do not come forward with

a Utopian dream of a fine country with abundance of labour, a settled government, and a free port ; but I do not hesitate to say that there are in the Shirè highlands large tracts of land well suited for coffee—that there is a very fair supply of labour at a small cost—and that transit to the coast, though a little difficult at present and freight high, may be much reduced, and, in fact, must be reduced, once there is more trade. What we desire first of all for the Shirè highlands is a settled form of government. The Portuguese claim the coast, and no one cares to dispute their claim, despite the fact that though they have had possession for 300 years, they have done almost nothing to benefit the country. Compare the results of Portuguese rule on the east coast of Africa with the colonies of Natal or the Cape, and the difference in favour of the latter is apparent at a glance. Want of energy and life, combined with lack of sympathy with the natives, keep the Portuguese colonies from progressing.

For the Shirè highlands and Lake Nyassa one may well claim that England should assume the protectorate. The lake was discovered by an Englishman and by English money, and the sum-total of English capital invested in the country at

the present moment is not small; whereas Portugal has no money invested whatever beyond what few would dispute their claim to.

Let Portugal have the coast, but grant a free port to the Zambesi, and let England exercise jurisdiction over the Shire highlands, and then one may come forward and say, Here is a country second to none.

As it stands at present, there is considerable encouragement to men of capital, although no absolutely safe guarantee can be given. But we see men venturing large sums of money in schemes far less likely to produce remunerative returns than the planting of coffee in East Africa. Land can be had at a trifling cost, labour in very fair quantity at a nominal rate. There is water-transit to the coast only requiring to be organised properly, a healthy climate suitable for Europeans, and a good race of blacks. Doubtless arrangements could be made with the Portuguese Government whereby a fixed rate of import and export duty would be levied, so that a planter would not be entirely at the mercy of the Portuguese. In addition to the above advantages, there is the fact that coffee has been tried at Blantyre, Mandala, and Zomba, and has done remarkably well. There is

now growing in the district coffee to the extent of about 40 acres, and this only the beginning. Each year will increase the area under cultivation, so that a few years hence there will be a large coffee industry in the Shirè highlands. Mr Middleton, writing of coffee in Natal a number of years ago, says that from a field of 20 acres well managed and highly cultivated a planter may turn over £3000 a-year. I have not seen any account of this handsome sum having been obtained by any one, although Middleton has it all drawn out on paper; but I see no reason why an estate of 200 acres under coffee in the Shirè highlands should not yield a clear profit of £2000 yearly. Basing our calculations on 1200 trees to the acre, at the value of 4d. a tree, sold on the plantation, we have the sum-total of £4000 on an estate of 200 acres. Now surely we are safe in concluding that £2000 is more than sufficient to defray working expenses, interest on money invested in machinery, building, stock, and other material. Fourpence a tree is a low value for coffee of good quality, for young trees well cultivated should yield one pound each without approaching to overcropping.

The following is the report of Messrs Patry and

Pasteur, coffee-brokers, London, on a sample of Zomba coffee raised by the writer, and sent by the late Consul, Captain Foot, R.N., to the Rev. Horace Waller:—

“The coffee particularly is remarkable for the depth and brightness of its colour, which gives to it a value probably much greater as a fancy coffee suitable for certain foreign markets, than it would possess merely from its strength when roasted; and it compares favourably, for appearance, with the products of European plantations in British India, Ceylon, and Java. It is, however, a rather soft coffee, and not likely to keep its fine colour very long. Indeed some of the berries are already getting a little faded, with a mottled appearance, which, if it made further progress, would soon detract a good deal from its value in its present state. In all other respects the coffee is as well prepared as possible; it is large, well picked, and very clean-looking, smooth and even, and of bright, deep bluish-green colour, and worth in this market about 85s. per cwt in bond.”

In connection with the preparation of the above sample, I am in justice to it entitled to state, that I had had no experience whatever in preparing coffee prior to my sending away the sample;



and I may also state that a broker in London, at a later period, gave me almost the same report, only, owing to having been imperfectly cured, the sample represented a price much below what it would be really worth if well cured. I am confident that this drawback will be overcome in the course of a little more experience. At present there is every encouragement to invest in coffee, apart from home prices.

The elevation of Blantyre is 3000 feet above sea-level; the average temperature for the year about 50°, and the rainfall about 50 inches. On one occasion the mercury fell .2° below freezing-point, and on several occasions the temperature has been below 40°; but with these exceptions, which are bad enough, there are few others as regards climate and suitability generally for coffee.

#### CINCHONA.

Judging from reports of the London brokers on cinchona, the market is so stocked with supplies from Ceylon that little encouragement can be given to a planter to invest in this article; and yet one would think that, seeing the various uses to which

cinchona-bark in its many preparations can be applied, there must be a great demand for the article for many years to come. Many planters in Ceylon who had a large interest in coffee are now planting cinchona instead, and the extra supply has, in consequence, brought down the market.

Hitherto we have tried hard to introduce cinchona to the Shirè highlands, and have only succeeded with a few plants. However, the few plants we have are doing well. One is justified in recommending the cultivation of cinchona, perhaps more so than coffee; for in Africa, both on the east and west coasts, the consumption of quinine is increasing daily, and were it sold at such a price as to render the use of it amongst the natives possible, the consumption would be enormous; and surely one is safe in advocating the cultivation of such a product as cinchona, in a country which must ultimately use such a quantity of the manufactured article.

On the hills, both at Blantyre and Zomba, there could be found an altitude from 3000 to 5000, and even to 7000 feet, with a rainfall and temperature that should suit several varieties of cinchona; and the soil in those ravines and jungles is of the best quality, rich and deep, and would be easily pitted.

Some of the species could be grown lower down, for one can get a suitable locality at almost any elevation from 1000 to 7000 feet.

#### INDIGO.

*Indigofera tinctoria* grows wild on the Zambesi and Shirè, and at Zomba. In these days when mineral dyes are taking the place of vegetable ones, it is perhaps hardly worth while considering whether the cultivation of indigo would be remunerative. If it be considered still worth growing, and likely to pay fairly well, then the Shirè highlands present a fine field.

In clearing land at Zomba for coffee, I had to root out a large quantity of handsome bushes of indigo. Most unquestionably, if indigo will pay as an article of commerce, there need be no doubt as to its suitability to the soil and climate of the Shirè highlands.

Water, too, is there in abundance. There are so many streams, the erection of factories would be an easy matter as regards position, for they could always be near to a supply of running water, which is invaluable on an indigo estate. There could be grown an unlimited supply. It is growing at

Zombá now, bushes over five feet high, strong and healthy. Probably some of the cultivated varieties would require to be introduced, but there should not be much difficulty in getting a supply of seed from India that would sow up a large extent.

## CHAPTER III.

GARDENING AND AGRICULTURAL WORK AT BLANTYRE  
AND ZOMBA.

Garden work begun, October 1876—Home vegetable seeds first sown—Tomatoes and peas succeed—Melons fail—In 1877 garden terraced and irrigated—Fresh seeds from Grahamstown—In 1878 plants of coffee, tea, vine and fruit trees of eleven different sorts—Flowers, European and native—Vegetables—Avenue of *Eucalyptus globulus*—Fine cypresses—Experience at Mlungusi since 1881—Making of a sugar-mill of wood—Evaporating pots of clay—New wooden mill in 1883 makes two tons of sugar—Iron mill ordered in Glasgow in 1885—Coffee-plants raised from seed of one bush—Now twenty acres of coffee at Zomba—Coffee the chief hope of the Shire highlands.

Appendix on Livingstone's work done for the Shire river and highlands from 1856 to 1863.

It may be interesting to give a brief account of garden and agricultural work in the Shire highlands.

On the arrival of the Mission party in October 1876, the first thing in the way of gardening was the selection of a small piece of ground in which to sow a small quantity of vegetable seeds. A gardener fresh from home is very apt to look for soil

such as he has been accustomed to. He feels the need of a little leaf-mould, wonders if turf can't be had; and the compost to be completed would be all right if he only had a little of that silver sand he saw on the Zambesi and Shirè. Let him at once give up the idea of expecting to find anything just so suitable, and make the best of what he has. Leaf-mould is to be had by collecting the decayed leaves and vegetation along the banks of streams; but it is often worthless stuff, with little or no strength in it, and parts readily with moisture. Turf is not to be had at all, as there is no such thing as permanent pasture. The grass is of so coarse a nature that the surface of the ground never gets swarded over as at home.

When operations were first commenced at Blantyre, a square patch was selected. This was hoed to a depth of seven or eight inches, made tolerably fine, and raked even. After rain had fallen, a little of each kind of seed was sown. The vegetables were such as are most used at home—cabbages, lettuces, onions, cauliflowers, carrots, cucumbers, melons, marrows, and tomatoes, &c. These were all sown and watered carefully—for let it be remembered that two days without rain in the beginning of the rainy season is sufficient to roast up small vegetable seeds.

It so happened that after the first few showers rain did not come again for weeks—and this is no uncommon thing in Africa. However, a number of the seeds came fairly well. Cabbages came best of all; but caterpillars and slugs were so bent on destroying them that we never got any use of the first plants. Tomatoes, as might be expected, felt at home, and grew and fruited splendidly. Sweet melons grew well until the fruit was nearly half grown, then they became sickly, and eventually died off. They were grown in the open, in raised mounds. This has been our experience all along; and we have not yet succeeded in raising melons. The heavy rains damage the leaves, and the vines get cankered at the root, and ultimately die off. A line or two of "Little Gem" pea grew well, but only to a foot in height; and from the date of being sown to their being used on Christmas-day was only a length of five weeks. The Cape gooseberry, as it is called, did well, and is now to be seen almost anywhere and everywhere. Through the kindness of Mr Tidmarsh of the Botanic Garden, Grahams-town, we had a fine collection of tree and ornamental seeds. These, unfortunately, got damaged on the river, and comparatively few of them grew. The sole representative of the *Eucalypti* is to be

seen in Blantyre Square, towering to a height of 70 or 80 feet.

A few pounds of English wheat were sown, but it never grew. Oats from Cape Town, called the Queensland oat, as well as the Cape feeding oat, did well. A packet of American maize proved a complete failure. Kaffir corn (sorghum) grew well. There was planted about an acre of rice, the seed of which we obtained from the natives: only when the ground was soaking wet, however, did it come to much. A considerable number of banana-trees were planted along the side of the Mudi. They grew well, but the fruit has generally fallen into the hands of the natives, as they take it from the trees before it is ripe. Thus a beginning was made; and though there was a good deal of failure, the experience obtained was valuable afterwards. One may be a good gardener at home, but the circumstances under which he is placed in a new country may render his former experience to a large extent useless. In the old country you know exactly what you are doing—you have an idea as to what certain crops should do, and act accordingly; but in a new country it is different—and it is only after years of experience that you feel at home in your work, and can act definitely with a fair measure of success.



In 1877, Mr James Stewart, C.E., who was then in charge of Blantyre, gave the station its true shape, and made a series of terraces, which have been of immense value to Blantyre. Water was brought a distance of two miles to the station; and it was invaluable for garden purposes, as with the terraces it was easy to irrigate and grow crops in the dry weather. A fresh supply of seeds was got from Grahamstown, and the garden could then boast of a variety of the most important vegetables. In the field we sowed patches of wheat, oats, and rice; and in the flower section were a number of the most representative; and by way of fruit-trees we had oranges and lemons doing moderately well.

With Mr Duncan's arrival in 1878 came another supply of seeds, and besides, a variety of fruit-trees from Grahamstown. Mr Duncan brought with him from Edinburgh three coffee and one tea plant, and a number of grape-vine cuttings. Two of the coffee and the tea plant ultimately died; but one coffee-plant (*Coffea arabica*) lived and grew, and has shown that coffee is at home in the Shire highlands. The fruit-trees were planted, and most of them have done well. There are now growing in Blantyre garden orange, lemon, fig, pomegranate, peach, loquat, guava, apricot, nectarine, custard-

apple, apple, granadillas, and several others. There is a splendid variety of flowers: balsams are used largely for bedding-out purposes; geraniums grow into small bushes, and flower freely, though the blooms are not to be compared with those produced on a well-grown plant at home.

Independent of home flowers there are many handsome plants and flowers indigenous to the country, and that merit a prominent place. In the kitchen-garden there is no lack of culinary vegetables. Cabbages, lettuce, onions, leeks, carrots, beetroot, peas, beans, potatoes, and a number of others grow well. Cauliflower has not been a success, although there have been a few good heads. In the fields, potatoes, wheat, and oats have grown well. Last year the wheat failed on account of too much rain. One would hardly venture to say the Shire highlands was a wheat-producing district, and it is never likely to produce wheat for export; but wheat sufficient to supply the wants of a European population for many years to come may well be grown. Oats grow very freely, but nothing has ever been attempted in the way of making meal. The Cape feeding-oat is grown only for oat-hay; and one cannot say that a sample of potato-oat did more than give good straw.

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A recognised feature at Blantyre is the avenue of blue-gums, *Eucalyptus globulus*, which extends for fully half a mile on the road from Blantyre to Katunga's. These gums were planted in 1879, and are now, many of them, 60 feet high, with stems quite a foot in diameter. This avenue is visible from any rising ground miles distant. There are a number of ornamental trees in Blantyre Square and round the station. Cypresses grow luxuriantly, and have a gracefulness about them which one never tires admiring. Mr Duncan has done much towards making Blantyre a pleasant spot, where one may cultivate a love for nature without feeling that he is hampered by artificial plans and designs; and he deserves much credit for his work.

In connection with agriculture it may be of use to state briefly my own experience in that line at Mlungusi, Zomba. Starting on my own account in 1881, my first efforts were put forth in erecting a dwelling-house of the bungalow style, and then the making of a sugar-mill to crush nearly two acres of cane. I had had no experience hitherto—having not even seen a sugar-mill nor boiled a pound of sugar—other than what I had myself gathered from books and learned by a few experiments performed under difficulties. I never ex-

pected to attain perfection in the making of the mill nor the boiling of the sugar, but hoped to reach a fair measure of success, which I did under many disadvantages. For the two rollers of the mill I cut down a tree measuring two feet in diameter, so that two lengths of about four feet each supplied me with the rollers in the rough stage. Taking the centres of these, I then had them rounded equally, and cut an axle on both ends. At the top of each, two-inch auger-holes were bored at a distance of two inches, and strong wooden cogs put in. The rollers I set upright in a heavy log sunk in the ground, and fixed them in a frame so that they should not separate too far when the cane was fed in. The axle of the one roller was brought above the frame so that a swathe having a square mortice could be fitted on to it, and at each end of the swathe an ox was yoked, so that the mill could be worked independent of manual labour. The juice falling on to a sheet of tin (the lining from boxes), was collected in a pot and thence carried to the evaporating-pots. The pots used were made of clay by native women, and although they were liable to break, they stood a remarkable deal of fire and rough usage. The sugar was separated from the molasses by draining

through boxes and pots. It is needless to go into the whole process of sugar-making: it would only be of interest to a very few. The following year I used the same mill at Blantyre in crushing the Mission cane, and the next year made a new mill at Zomba of a better kind, by which I turned out two tons of sugar. Perhaps the best test of the quality is the fact that it was all sold at a fair price. Time is money in Africa as well as in England or Scotland; and I have now, whilst writing this at home in Muthill in July 1885, received a note to visit a mill being made to my order in McOnie's Engineering Works, Glasgow, which I mean to take out and erect at Zomba within the next few months. In this there is considerable risk, arising from various causes; but Africa will never be civilised unless certain risks be undertaken and difficulties faced.

Sugar-cane grows well at Zomba, but as there is no extensive consumption, the cultivation has to be kept in small bounds. Many of the canes measure twelve feet in length, with a diameter of from two to three inches.

As my chief hope of the Shire highlands as a country suitable for planting lies in the cultivation of coffee, perhaps I had better state my experience

in that direction. It has been noticed above that Mr Duncan took coffee-plants with him from Edinburgh, and that one of these proved a success. The difficulty has always been to obtain a quantity of genuine seeds. This being the case, we waited patiently till this plant produced its first crop of berries, which it did the third year. The seed was all sown, and it grew well. I got a portion of it to sow at Zomba. The plants raised at Blantyre were partly planted in the Mission garden, part of them sold to the African Lakes Company. The following year there was a much greater supply from the parent tree, and last year we all had seed in abundance from our own plants. My coffee-trees at Mlungusi (the name of my place at Zomba) grew remarkably fast. Of course I took every pains with them, and having a supply of water, was able to irrigate them during the dry weather. The maiden crop was a heavy one—far too heavy,—only for a few plants it did not matter much. There are now twenty acres at Mlungusi, and it is intended to plant up largely this wet season. Coffee grows freely so far as has yet been experienced, and the quality is unquestionably good. To the credit of the Blantyre Mission be it said, it introduced the first coffee-plant in the Shire high.

lands, which may be the beginning of an industry whose bounds cannot be well defined.

As the main idea in this book is to interest people in the Shire highlands, it may not be out of place to give a few reasons why England should assume at least a protectorate over that part lying above the Ruw, and extending up to Lake Nyassa. In Cape Colony there are vast tracts of land held by farmers and agriculturists, which only once in two or even three years yield them a profitable return. It is astonishing, even when one visits Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, and the intermediate ports, to see how poor the soil is, and yet to think how large towns have arisen in spite of this great drawback. Of course these towns are only the outlets to the interior, but even then the interior is not a country of the first class. I do not mean to disparage Cape Colony, but I do make bold to say that the Shire highlands, and the valleys of the Zambesi and Shire would yield a far higher return than much that passes in the Colony as fairly good land.

As yet we can hold out no prospect of a gold-field or a diamond-field, and the question might well be asked, "What do you offer us?"

'It is perfectly true that at present there is no safe nor reliable government in the country, and

there is no very great security of property, nor an absolute guarantee of life; but the best way to bring about these blessings, is for men and women of good character to enter and bring the country and its inhabitants under the powerful influence of a Christian civilisation. Emigrants keep flocking to Canada and Australia with no hope of being able to do other for years than support themselves and their families. Why should not Africa have a share now? Surely she has lain long enough under the curse of darkness and superstition. Africa has no doubt many disadvantages; the distance from the "old country" is great, though not so far as Australia; then the expense of travelling is high, and at present the difficulty of reaching the highlands is considerable; added to these, no immediate market.

These difficulties, however, if taken one by one, soon vanish. Not so many years ago the voyage to Cape Colony in a sailing-ship embraced three months, and people kept constantly going. The voyage to Quilimane can be accomplished in little over five weeks. The expense of the voyage is high, I admit, but must be reduced. Let the Kongō mouth of the Zambesi be opened, and then the river-steamer may meet the ocean-steamer, and



thus the journey from England to Blantyre be accomplished in seven weeks, which is no great length of time; in fact, with imperfect communication, the journey has been already accomplished in eight weeks. As to government, whatever Britain may do, it is evident that her duty is to see at least fair-play in the scramble for Africa, if she does not take a more definite part.

The country has been explored by British subjects and English money, and it is English money that has done all the good that has been done. Over £30,000 has been expended at Blantyre by the Church of Scotland for Mission work alone. More than this sum has been expended on Lake Nyassa by the Free Church of Scotland for the same purpose, and over £40,000 has been expended by the African Lakes Company and other parties; so that we have over £100,000 of English capital expended in the Shirè highlands. Let it be remembered that £60,000 of this money has been collected from Scotland—from the lonely widow in her Highland shieling, to the landed proprietor in his lordly demesne. In addition, there is the Universities Mission, with a heavy interest staked in the country, and the London Missionary Society, part of whose imports may pass up the Shirè river.

The Portuguese claim the country, but their claim has no basis in exploration, treaties, or garrisons in the interior, and is resisted by the natives. The natives everywhere say they respect the English, and so they ought. Let Portugal have the coast, and work hand in hand with the English in developing the interior; but let the Kongō mouth of the Zambesi be free, or at least let the import and export tariff be small. What hampers private enterprise on the east coast of Africa is the want of free scope which is to be had outside of Portuguese possessions, and a fixed list. All one's endeavours towards benefiting the country, and the people, and himself, may be neutralised by Portuguese rule on the strip of seaboard.

It is a notorious fact, too, that wherever British subjects have gone, they have made countries produce wonderful results, that in other hands would have remained poor and barren. No nation has so much right to colonise as England, for no other can make so good use of a country when they take possession of it.

Surely it is useless to suppose that a country like the Shire highlands can remain long unoccupied. It is perfectly true that there is not much upon which one may go and actually place his hand

at the present time; but I have long maintained it; and I advocate it again, that the salvation of Africa lies in the development of her agricultural resources, and these are very promising. In the Shire valley, as already stated, *semsem* and ground-nuts grow readily; plantains can be grown to any extent; and why should not plantain-fibre become an article of export? Sugar-cane can be cultivated easily, although in the flooded state of the sugar market one can hardly recommend its cultivation as a profitable speculation. *Coffea liberica* might be also grown on the lowlands, whilst there is no doubt whatever that *Coffea arabica* and those species suiting a high elevation can be grown successfully on the highlands. Cinchona, too, why should it not be cultivated here, as well as in Ceylon and India? Doubtless there are drawbacks to these, but where is the country where there are no drawbacks? Indigo may not be worth cultivating since those mineral dyes have come so largely in vogue. One thing is certain—it is growing indigenous in the country, which is a good guarantee that if found necessary it will succeed. Wheat can be grown sufficient to satisfy the wants of the European population, and the commoner vegetables grown in a kitchen-garden at home, which help so greatly

in maintaining one's health in a proper state, grow readily. The worst drawback is the long freight from the hills to the sea-coast; but this may be reduced, and managed much cheaper, once there were more to be exported. Granting 300 miles of waterway on which a steamer may run, surely there need be no great hindrance to exportation for a product such as coffee or cinchona-bark. In other countries, like India, Ceylon, and Brazil, the coffee industry has fought against and overcome far worse barriers than 300 miles of transit by water. One thing is certain: other nations are alive to the importance of this fine tract of country, so well described by Livingstone in his 'Zambesi and its Tributaries;' and in the ordinary course of events, ten years hence will see a marvellous change—let us hope for the better. A visit from one or two planters of experience would be of vast importance; for their opinion, whether favourable or otherwise, would carry weight with it, and form a basis on which other planters might rely.

THE KONGŌNE THE NATURAL OUTLET OF THE  
ZAMBESI.

There is nothing new in bringing forward the Kongōne mouth as the natural outlet to the Zam-

besi. All who have entered the Zambesi from Quilimane by the Kwakwa, know how inconvenient and expensive it is as compared with coming direct in from the ocean. The want of a good bar—or rather, presence of a bad one, which shifts often—has always been a drawback to the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi; but it is a pity to condemn the Kongone before it has been fairly tried. Soundings taken by Captain Foot, R.N., in the end of 1883, show that there is very little to fear were the bar properly buoyed, and a regular pilot stationed to guide coasting steamers into the river. The benefit of direct communication with the sea would be incalculable. It would give trade on the Zambesi an impetus that would be felt at once and permanently. In fact, without more direct communication with the ocean-steamer than there is at present, it is difficult to see how produce other than what is high in value and small in bulk can be made to pay. The advantages of having a steamer on the river that could run down the Zambesi and tranship her cargo into the ocean-steamer must be apparent to all. At present there is the overland journey of four or five miles at Mazāro, and in the wet season this is impassable owing to there being from two to three feet of water on at least two

miles of this land journey. As has been already said, canoes and boats have to be hired afresh, and there is great risk of produce being damaged, besides the extra expense and trouble of carrying overland, and making fresh arrangements for the Kwakwa river.

Could produce be brought direct to the ocean-steamër, there is no reason why a cargo of maize, sorghum, beans, &c., should not be sent to Cape Colony when prices are high. Such articles won't afford a high freight, nor much expense in transit; but that there is ample room for a large trade being developed on the Zambesi, is a notorious fact to all who know anything about it. The Kwakwa, in the end of the dry season, is only navigable as far as Mopēa for the smallest canoes. Boats and barges can only, with difficulty, come to Marendēne. It is no pleasant matter when you get on to a sand-bank with a heavily laden boat, and can't get off for hours. There has been a deal of talk about laying a tramway between the Kwakwa and the Zambesi. It has also been proposed to construct a railway between the Kwakwa at Mogorumbā and the Zambesi a distance of thirty miles; but all these difficulties might be avoided by simply grappling with the Kongōne and working it efficiently.

Until there is direct communication with the sea, trade on the Zambesi and Shirè can only be spasmodic. The opening of the Kongone will never be effected by Portuguese money, nor will they be ready to transfer their custom-houses, seeing that Quilimane is an old established town. But, why shouldn't the Kongone mouth of the Zambesi be made a free port? Let this be once granted, and English capital will do the rest. The Zambesi valley is capable of producing unlimited quantities of grain and oil-seeds. Coffee you find growing wild along the coast—an inferior quality so far as size and appearance go, but one need not be confined to that; and there is a strong presumption that the Liberian coffee we have been hearing so much of lately would find in the Zambesi valley a climate closely resembling that of Liberia. Rice could be produced in large quantities, and sugar might be profitably cultivated were the sugar markets in a better state. A very fair supply of labour could be counted on; the natives, on the whole, work with comparatively little compulsion; only, what would ruin the natives as workers and as human beings would be the introduction largely of "fire-water," which, alas! has already found its way among them in small quantity.

A heavy responsibility rests upon the heads of those who introduce ardent spirits amongst a race of people who are capable, under proper management and education, of one day becoming a great nation. Companies may make money and private traders may amass small fortunes by dealing in drink to the natives, giving them in exchange for grain and oil-seeds bottles of a compound of naphtha, fusel-oil, and rum; but it is fearful to contemplate the results of such work. Along with drink come debasing and demoralising influences which sooner or later end in the utter annihilation of the race. Can this be the survival of the fittest? Surely no. It is the strong and intelligent killing the weak and ignorant. Let us hope that such a fine country as the Zambesi and Shirè valleys, which have suffered so severely through having many of their sons and daughters exported as slaves to enrich other nations and countries, may not see the annihilation of the remainder through the introduction of drink, that a few European companies may declare a handsome dividend, and that private traders may retire to Europe to spend their competency.

The introduction of guns and powder, unless on a very limited scale, is also a dangerous proceeding. At the present time, for guns and powder and drink



a trader could almost get anything that the natives possess. The chiefs part readily with ivory for guns and powder, and they send their men to the coast with their ivory that they may get these commodities rather than part with it to a trader at their village for calico and other goods, except small quantities.

Of late the Portuguese authorities at Quilimane have been using stringent measures to keep fire-arms out of the country; but one fails to see the use of shutting the custom-house at Quilimane and opening it at Ibo or Chisanga. Caravan after caravan passes down to Chisanga for the express purpose of selling slaves and ivory, and bringing back guns and powder, which articles they have not been able to obtain in quantity at Quilimane for the last few years. It is extremely unsafe to put guns, even flint-locks, into the hands of the natives. One never knows how soon these same firearms may be used against the introducers of them. It is sometimes brought forward as an argument in favour of fire-arms that by arming weak tribes they become able to stand against their oppressors. There is a good deal of truth and meaning in such an argument, were one able to regulate the use of these fire-arms, and keep those weak tribes from using them

except in self-defence. The difficulty with the African is his inability to avoid falling upon his weaker brother, no matter where he finds him. A strong tribe attacks a weaker one, but this does not prevent the attacked from attacking their weaker brethren in turn when they find their chance of successfully doing so. Most dangerous of all is their liability to turn at any time and attack the white man. The history of South Africa shows how risky it is to arm the natives. How many lives might have been saved on both sides had the ~~Government~~ been a little more careful to keep unscrupulous merchants from importing wholesale such deadly weapons!

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## APPENDIX A.

### LIVINGSTONE'S WORK FOR THE SHIRÉ RIVER AND HIGHLANDS.

It was in 1856 that Livingstone first entered this part of Africa. He approached it not in the usual way of landing on the east coast at Quilimane, or at one of the mouths of the Zambesi, and then

going westward; but reversely, coming from the far west interior after having discovered the great Victoria Falls on the Zambesi, he marched and sailed eastward till he reached Quilimane, from which he came home to pay his first visit after an absence of sixteen years (1840-1856) occupied in mission work and exploration. His first contact with the Portuguese of this district was high up on the Zambesi at Zumbo, 500 miles inland, where he found traces of an old Jesuit Mission. Below Zumbo is Têtè, 260 miles from the sea, a trading station and small Roman Catholic Mission. Still lower on the Zambesi is Senna, only thirty miles above the mouth of the tributary Shirè.

During the leisure of his home visit in 1856, Livingstone wrote and published his first book, entitled 'Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.' Then, too, the addresses which he delivered to the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge so stirred English hearts as to lay the foundation of the Universities Mission to Central Africa; while similar addresses, especially those in Edinburgh and to the University of Glasgow (his *alma mater*), laid a corresponding foundation for new Mission agencies to issue from Scotland. In March 1858, Livingstone started again, at the

head of an expedition fitted out by the Government, to explore the Zambesi and its tributaries, for commercial and scientific purposes. Now he bore the office of British Consul, but his heart was still faithful as ever pioneering on behalf of the kingdom of Christ. As he himself expressed it, "I view the end of the geographical feat as the beginning of the missionary enterprise." This expedition lasted till 1864, and is the subject of his second book, 'The Zambesi and its Tributaries.'

During this interval, 1858-1864, Livingstone ascended the Zambesi and Shirè several times. First he went up the Zambesi as far as the Kebrabasa Rapids, 30 miles above Tètè, where he found his Makololo men, whom he left there in 1856 to wait his return. Early in 1859, for the first time he explored the Shirè, and got as far as what he called the Murchison Cataracts, the obstruction to navigation of the river which subsequently determined the point where the road which now leads to the Blantyre Mission should start.

In May 1859 he made a second ascent of the Shirè, and formed a friendship with the chief, Chibisa, whose name was associated subsequently with the Universities Mission in its early stage.

Chibisa's village is across the Shirè, a little higher up than our landing-place for Blantyre, at Katunga's village, which is about fifteen miles below the Murchison Cataracts, which the natives call Matiti. He then returned to the Kongōne harbour (the most navigable mouth of the Zambesi), in hope to meet a man-of-war and get provisions. In June 1859 he went again up the Zambesi, as far as Tètè and back. Then in August of the same year he made a third steamer-trip up the Shirè, which he continued on foot so far as on 16th September to discover Lake Nyassa.

In March 1860 he started again from the Kongōne, up the Zambesi, past Kebrabasa, on to the Victoria Falls, and to the Makololo country to Seshèke. On the return journey he lost his steamer, Ma Robert, 21st December, on a sand-bank near Senna.

Livingstone's work in this expedition received a fresh character in the beginning of 1861, when he got a new steamer, the Pioneer, and with it the Universities Mission party to be located—consisting of Bishop Mackenzie, with five Englishmen, and five coloured men from the Cape. With these he went first to the Rovūma, expecting to reach Lake Nyassa by that river. In this he

entirely failed, and had to come back to the Zambesi, and go up the Shirè to Chibisa's. From that point the party went on foot by Mbame, and planted their station at Magomero, twenty miles from Blantyre (but they passed within four or five miles). Starting again from Chibisa's, Livingstone made a second visit to Lake Nyassa, on 23d September. Thereafter he went down again to the mouth of the Zambesi, to get a new steamer, Lady Nyassa, and some ladies who were to join the Mission party.

Never were sadder disappointments than befell these ladies. On 1st February 1862, Livingstone received them, his own wife included, from H.M.S. Gorgon, at the Kongōne. But already Bishop Mackenzie was dead (31st January); Mr Burrup, too, died soon after. On hearing the tidings, there was nothing for the Bishop's sister and Mrs Burrup but a desolate return to England. On 27th April Mrs Livingstone herself died, and was buried under a great baobab-tree at Shupanga.

Again, at the end of June, Livingstone got to the Rovūma (the Nyassa having been put together), but the result was nothing. Early in 1863 he returned to the Zambesi, with a view to reaching Lake Nyassa by the way of the Shirè.

He left his steamer, Nyassa, at the Murchison Falls, pushed on to explore the lake, and got near to the north end of it. When he got back to the Pioneer on the Shirè, 1st\* November 1863, he had to wait two months for the flood to go down with. Meanwhile in July 1863 the expedition had been recalled.

The *third* great journey of Livingstone, extending from 1866 to 1873, and forming the subject of his 'Last Journals,' was devoted to the exploration of the water-system of the interior in the Lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, Moero, and Bangweulu.

## APPENDIX B.

### BOTANICAL NOTES.

During my stay in the Shirè highlands I have collected nearly one thousand distinct species of plants, including all kinds. There yet remains a good deal to be done, which I hope to be able to undertake. Those collected I presented to the Herbarium of the Botanic Garden, Edinburgh, whence they were transmitted to Kew, and classified by Professor Oliver and his associates. Many of the species were new and interesting botanically.

A very noticeable feature is the abundance of plants in the natural order Leguminosæ, whilst others have hardly a representative. Leguminosæ genera, such as Indigofera, Crotalaria, Acacia, Tephrosia, and others, are constantly before you. *Tephrosia Vogellii* is a handsome white-flowered shrub common in all villages. This plant is well worthy a place in a greenhouse collection at home, as it keeps flowering from January to January. The leaves are used by the natives for stupefying fish. They are stripped from the bush, pounded in a mortar, and then thrown into the stream. The water changes its colour to a light green, and the fish becoming stupefied, come to the surface, and are easily thrown out by the hand. Boys indulge in this freely, and amuse themselves shooting grass arrows at the fish as they float on the surface. *Tephrosia purpurea* is another handsome species, having a profusion of purple-coloured flowers.

Acacias betray their presence everywhere by the very sweetness and perfume of their flowers. Crotalaria are all showy plants, and yellow the prevailing colour. It is astonishing how many of the larger wooded trees belong to the order of Leguminosæ—*Brachystegia*, *Lonchocarpus*, *Pterocarpus*, being genera made up chiefly of large trees; whilst



the genera *Rhynchosia*, *Eriosema*, *Dolichos*, *Aschy-nomene*, *Crotalaria*, represent chiefly small shrubs and creeping plants. The natural order *Compositæ* is also largely represented, extending from the sea-level to the top of the highest mountains in the district, at least a range of 8000 feet. At the higher elevation *Helichrysums* are prominent. *Senecio*, *Vernonia*, and *Conyza* are genera prevailing largely at an elevation of from 2000 to 4000 feet above sea-level. They are to be met with everywhere. Old gardens are veritable nurseries for propagating these genera, which are so troublesome in cultivated ground. There are several species of plants in *Solanaceæ* far superior to what I have seen carefully cultivated at home as greenhouse plants. *Datura alba* has most probably been introduced from the coast. It is a handsome shrub, having large, white, bell-shaped flowers, and broad dark-green leaves. The leaves, when steeped in native beer, are said to render it more intoxicating. The genus *Solanum* has a number of species all common, and tomatoes are to be found growing wild in every village. *Ranunculus aquatilis* and *Clematis Kirkii* are very representative of the order bearing the former name: the former genus always reminds one of the buttercup one

was so familiar with at home; and the latter, though not like those clematises that adorn garden-walls at home, is a showy plant, growing to two and three feet, having white flowers, with a shade of pink running through the petals.

There are very few Cruciferous plants. *Brassica juncea* is cultivated and used as a salad, as also is a species of *Cleome* in *Capparidaceæ*. *Malvaceæ*, *Sterculiaceæ*, *Tilliaceæ*, *Labiataæ*, *Convolvulaceæ*, are orders all having genera that include a great many species. There are various species of *Hibiscus* that yield fibre, used less or more by the natives; and other genera, as well as *Sida* and *Abutilon*, have a number of showy plants.

Amongst *Convolvuli* are a variety of gay-colored climbing and twining plants. There are a few good *Irises*, *Cadalvera spectabilis* being a lovely yellow, entirely new. *Gladioli* are very common, but not to be compared with home-cultivated varieties.

Amongst *Amaryllids* are a few showy species. *Buphane toxicaria* is common all over the highlands, and *Hæmanthi* are found in shady spots beside streams.

*Lilies* are to be found too, but there are none very special, so far as I have seen. *Water-lilies* are plentiful on the Kwakwa and in the Morumbala

Marsh, and also in pools on the highlands. However, I have only seen one species, which was a blue Nymphaeæ, and not of much account.

Of ground orchids there is a great variety, *Disa* being a very conspicuous genus. Epiphytals are not, so far as I have seen, of much importance as flowering species, though botanically, I do not doubt, they are very interesting.

Perhaps the most handsome tree in the district is the "Mbawa" of the natives, *Khaya senegalensis*, from which nearly all their canoes are made. "Mwenya" is another fine tree. "Mbembu," *Parinarium mobola*, "Mkundi," *Parkia filicordia*, "Mwayi," *Erythrophleum guineensis*, "Nyonywe," *Eugenia cordata*, are all handsome trees, and good and useful wood, but unfortunately only too scarce in the district.

Of grasses there are considerably over one hundred distinct species in the highlands alone, exclusive of many that are confined to the lowlands. In these I do not include those species that are cultivated as regular crops.

Ferns are not in great variety. *Adiantum Capillus Veneris* and *Adiantum lunulatum* are very plentiful, as also *Asplenium furcatum*. *Pteris quadriangulata* and *cretica*, *Legthrolepis cordifolia* and

*Patlaea Duniana*, and others, are common. On the mountains are various specimens of tree-fern.

*Selaginella modiceps* is a moss to be met on the banks of streams, and in ravines on the mountain-sides. *Equisetum vulgatum* is plentiful; and the adder's-tongue, *Ophioglossum vulgatum*, could nowhere be more consistently found than in the home of the serpent and deadly puff-adder.

It is interesting to notice how the natives have found names for many trees, shrubs, and herbs. I have no doubt each name has its own meaning, although it would require a long time to find out the one-half of them. In the case of *Brophytum sensitiva*, where the leaves of the plant immediately fold on being touched, the natives have styled it "Awile Ambujegwe," which simply means 'his master is dead.' Then in the case of another, "Msuka Chuma," it means that the leaves and branches of this plant are used to disinfect the beads of a deceased relative by washing all together in water. "Mlimbi" is the name of a species of *Euphorbia*, from which they make a bird-lime, and the word simply means stick fast, or hold fast. - These are merely specimens of a vast number of great interest, if one had the time at his disposal to admit of his going into it thoroughly.

In writing this short notice, no attempt has been made at a scientific account of the botany of the Shire highlands, but merely a few sentences which may be of interest to those who have a slight knowledge of plants. The genera referred to are mostly representative, and it would have been easy to have given a list of nearly a thousand botanical names; but it would have served no purpose, as few would have cared to trouble themselves with them. The botany of the Shire highlands is very interesting; and since I have seen on my visit home many plants carefully tended which to me seemed not worth growing, I hope I may be able to send to my friends seeds of many plants far superior to what they bestow much pains and attention upon. One thing I have never observed, and that is plants having variegated foliage, so much run on for foliage-plants for table decoration.

## CHAPTER IV.

CHIEFS AND TRIBES OF THE DISTRICT AND THEIR  
WORKING POWERS.

Ramakukan, a Makololo, rules the Manganja—Friendly to the English—A *raconteur*—Forty wives—Chief village Chirala—His head-man Mlauli—Three other Makololo chiefs, viz., Muliéma, Masép, Katunga—The tyrant Chipitula dead and his son Chikūsè partly succeeds—Kapēni at Blantyre, chief of the Ajawa, old and timid—Malunga of Ndilandi impudent—Mitōchè of Chirazulu now friendly—Nkanda of Mlanjè—Chemlumbi of Zomba, all four Ajawa—The Machinga—Wayao chiefs are four—Malēmia of Kumjale—Kumtāja, ruined by the Angoni in a raid—Chamba of Chikala—Kawinga, also of Chikala, unfriendly—Matapwiri near Mlanjè, also Yao, and powerful—Arab influence at Zomba and Chikala—The Wayao superior to the Manganja—Wanyassa people on Shirwa island—Natives not very hard to train as workers—Not lazy—Calico plenty makes work neglected—We raise the price of labour on ourselves—Training to thatch roofs—Brick-making—Sawpit hands—Gang slack work when the master is out of sight—Eager for bugle-sign to stop—Power of talk—Love of smoking—Natives as carriers—Unyanyembe men carry 70 lb.—Ordinary load 50 lb.—Oxen our future carriers—Smoke and a few grains of maize a long support—Chief meal at sundown—Mid-day rest—Carriers always to be in sight of their leader.

## CHIEFS AND TRIBES OF THE DISTRICT.

At the present time by far the most important man in the district and neighbourhood is 'Ramakukan.'

He is one of the few surviving Makololo who accompanied Livingstone in the capacity of a porter in his exploration of the Zambesi and its tributaries. When Livingstone's expedition was recalled by Lord Clarendon in 1863, Ramakukan and a few others were left behind. Livingstone had given them a few flint-locks, and they, being men of determined character, assumed the chieftainship of the Manganja tribe, who at that very time were in the greatest danger of being disintegrated as a tribe by the Wayāo and slave-dealers outside, and by quarrels and factions within themselves. The Manganja rallied round their new chiefs, and soon the Makololo became a power on the Shirè. Ramakukan perhaps, more than any other, has befriended the English, and but for his friendliness last year, when the difficulty arising from Fenwick having shot Chipitūla had assumed serious proportions, it is hard to say how the matter would have ended. When the first of the Mission party arrived in 1875 he was kind and obliging, and has been so always. Of course, in speaking thus of a native one does not mean to say that he has sworn never to do the English a wrong. The bulk of the thieving committed in the district has been by his men, but it would be hardly fair to saddle him with the responsibility

of it, although sometimes we have been inclined to think he had a knowledge of what was going on. For one thing, he has under him a number of bad characters, whom he has great trouble with himself, and it is no easy matter to keep them in good order. He exercises stern rule amongst those who do himself an injury, either by interfering with his wives in his harem or conveying them away to other villages. For such offences the punishment too often is death in some form or other. He is now getting up in years, but takes an active part in all that goes on. He is not a particularly good-looking man, even as black men go. He is blind of an eye, but I am inclined to believe that his one eye is equal to two. He is never without a supply of *pombè*, and he is not sparing with it to strangers. A heavy drinker himself, he evidently thinks others should be so likewise. He is also a great smoker of *bhang*, which, along with *pombè*, has a tendency to make a man do mad actions.

On a moonlight night you are almost sure to see Ramakukan sitting outside, about ten o'clock, surrounded by a few of his head men, a huge pot of *pombè* beside him, and the *bhang* pipe in his cheek. On such occasions he relates his experiences with the English, Livingstone and the steamer on the



river being an unfailing topic. It is very enjoyable to lie on a mat, with a clear moon shining overhead, the atmosphere cooling gradually, a feeling of rest about you, and old Ramakukan himself yarning about the good old times when he was young. The old fellow wears little or no clothing, and if you come upon him returning from his fields in the busy season of planting you would never pitch upon him as being the chief. He never fails to beg a hat or an old coat from all who visit him, and in the most polite way. He will quietly tell you himself that Ramakukan has no hat, or has no coat, or has no blanket to sleep in, which means that he much desires the articles mentioned. If, however, you be favoured so far as to see his wardrobe, you would find a very handsome supply of clothing; and probably one might come upon a pair of his own trousers, or some of the many other articles of clothing that have mysteriously disappeared from Blantyre and elsewhere. The number of his wives is far beyond what even the most prominent member of Salt Lake City would care to encounter. It is difficult to give an exact number, but certainly forty is within the mark. I am convinced he has a standing number of more than forty. They are fat, sleek, and lazy. Some of them are good-looking, and not

at all repulsive; but pity the man who has to keep them all in order! He would require to be something else than human—probably one-fourth devil.

Chirāla is Ramakukan's principal village, and is situated on the left of the Shirè, about seven miles below the first of the Murchison Rapids. His territory extends to the Upper Shirè, and about forty miles to the other side of the river in the direction of the Zambesi. He now claims the bulk of Chipitūla's territory; so, with the exception of a small strip held by Katunga, he follows the river on the left side from the Upper Shirè to the Ruo, having a breadth of fifteen miles on an average, and then on the right side he may have a tract something like forty by twenty miles. Under him are a number of head-men, chief of them being Mlauli.

Besides Ramakukan, there are Mulilēma and Masēo on the right bank, and Katunga on the left. These are all that remain now of the Makololo chiefs. Chipitūla, whose ambition knew no bounds, was not a Makololo, but the slave of Mlooka; and Chikūsè, Chipitūla's eldest son, who gives himself out as a chief, has no Makololo blood whatever in him. All of those river chiefs are friendly to the English, but one never knows the day anything may occur that would afford them a pretext for

taking up an entirely hostile position. They are all greedy, and have perhaps been a little too much made of. They know well the advantages to be derived from being friendly to the English, and they would only turn against us through a panic or in the hope of heavy plunder, without due consideration. Chipitūla aped being an Englishman; he much desired being great, but he never thought of being good. A tyrant in his rule, few of his people loved him, and only obeyed him through fear of being given to the crocodiles.

Amongst the Wayāo there is really no chief so important as Ramakukan. At Blantyre we have the Ajawa section of the Wayāo, and the head chief is Kapēni, who is now far up in years, and on the brink of the grave.<sup>1</sup> Occasionally he pays Blantyre a visit, when he is well received and kindly attended to. In one way Kapēni is an exception to many of his kind. Quiet and reserved in his manner, he seldom ventures to beg, as most of them do, and when he does so it is done in the most polite way. He is, however, not to be considered a paragon of virtue; but he has a number of good points not often met with in an African. When a young man he was a keen slave, and held his people well under

<sup>1</sup> Since dead—May 1885.

him; but now his subjects are most of them regardless of his honour, and do pretty much as they please. Whenever there is a report of war, Kapēni's first move is to get to the top of Soché with the bulk of his wives, and there wait in fear and trembling. One cannot help thinking that a just retribution follows men even in this life. When young, many a heart he made heavy with the loss of parent, or sister, or brother, or child, carrying them off to the coast or selling them to the regular trader; and now when he is old his own days are often spent in care and anxiety, the least sound of war making him take to the mountain.

Besides Kapēni there are a number of Ajawa chiefs all independent of one another. Malunga, on Ndilandi, is a common visitor at Blantyre, but he is to a certain extent under Kapēni. He is a detestable old rascal, impudent and greedy, and an entire stranger to truth, and the most persistent beggar of any I know. He will come straight into one's house, set himself down on a chair, and make himself at home. He has been shown the door oftener than once, but he never takes offence so as to prevent him from coming back. Having an eye always on the main chance, his one object is the acquisition of *ipanje*—riches.

On Chirazūlu there are located several Ajawa chiefs all friendly to the Mission and the English, as, indeed, are all of them. Mitōchè, whose name was before the public at home some years ago, is perhaps the most important of them. Nkanda, who at one time was not particularly fond of us, has for years back been staying on Mlanjè, so that he is now almost out of the neighbourhood. At Zomba we have got Chemlumbi, another Ajawa chief, who is related both to Mitōchè and Nkanda, and at Mlanjè there are several others.

On the north-east side of Zomba we come in contact with the Machinga section of the Wayāo. Malēmia, at Kuhjāle, we have had most dealings with, and he has always been friendly. He is a sensual, foolish chief. His main delight is in playing the fool and getting his men and women to laugh at him. At times, however, he talks sensibly and conducts himself well, but these times are, unfortunately, too seldom. He has under him a great number of people, but they are all less or more mixed up in slave-dealing, which he himself takes an active part in. When the old chief died, the chieftainship was contested by another brother called Kūmtāja, who eventually left Zomba with a large number of followers, and who has given

Malēmia' immense trouble by receiving runaway women and men; so much so, that Malēmia decided last year on bringing the Angōni over to smash up Kumtāja, which they did most effectually. This action on the part of Malēmia was extremely unwise, and the final result of it may be his own decapitation.

There are two other chiefs of some importance on Chikāla, at the north end of Shirwa. One of these, Chamba, was visited last year, and was friendly enough disposed towards the English; but the other, Kawinga, refused to see the English, giving as his reason the fact that his mother died more than twenty years ago when they were beyond the Shirè, not far from Livingstonia, after Dr Livingstone and his party had passed through the village. He could not see the English—Captain Foot and myself—though he had no objection to receiving a present, which Captain Foot wisely withheld on such conditions.

Besides the names of those chiefs referred to there are many small chiefs, but they are to a less or greater extent dependent on those already mentioned. As you go north—the east side of Lake Nyassa—you come in contact with some powerful Yao chiefs; but I am speaking of those I know

personally, or from living in close proximity to them. Matapwiri, who holds the key of the route to Quilimane by Mlanjè, is another important Yao, but my acquaintance with him is entirely from hearsay. He is not badly disposed towards the English, but he does not wish, I am told, that we should establish ourselves near him, giving as his reason his fear that his slaves would run from him to us. This, of course, is a groundless fear now; for the idea of affording refuge to every fugitive is exploded, and in practice it has been abandoned.

Both at Zomba and Chikāla you come in direct contact with Arab influence; and it is easily recognised amongst the men in particular. Many of the men are dressed in long Arab shirts, which are only got either at the coast or from Arab traders in the interior. The women are dressed in beads, which Arabs alone bring to the interior. Where Arab influence is prevalent there is a certain impudent independence amongst the men, bred, doubtless, through man-stealing and kidnapping being looked upon as a manly and remunerative business. Arab influence is never for good, for they who come from the coast in charge of slave and trading caravans are immoral and filthy characters, al-

though they profess to be Mohammedans and keep up a certain amount of religious ceremony.

In comparing the Wayão with the Manganja, I have always maintained that the people of the former tribe are superior. The Wayão seem to me to be a more manly and independent set of blacks than the Manganja. Perhaps it is owing to having had more experience of the Wayão than the Manganja that I am thus biassed in their favour; but this would not alter the fact that the same feature has been observed by others. Amongst the Manganja there are a number of fine, intelligent old men, quiet and civil, whom one admires when they assemble to arrange a *milandu* (council); but many have a hang-dog look about them which you do not meet with so frequently amongst the Wayão. I believe the young men are kept so much under by the Makololo chiefs that they are prevented from having the same freedom of action as the Wayão, which makes them feel as if they were slaves rather than free men. The Wayão are absolutely free when not slaves, and will not stand being curbed to the same extent as the Manganja. I do not mean to say, however, that amongst the Manganja there are not a number of fine fellows; all I contend for is, that the Wayão are a tribe of



nobler character than the Manganja, more capable of surviving and holding their own. The spirit of independence is largely developed amongst them, which is a hopeful feature. At the same time it must be admitted that the Wayāo have been a slaving tribe, and are so still whenever an opportunity affords itself. The Manganja, on the other hand, are more given to peaceful pursuits. \*

Shirwa island is inhabited by people who call themselves Wa-nyassa (people of the lake), and there are a number of them staying on Zomba at the Mlungusi. They are a quiet, harmless set of people, who at one time were settled in large numbers all over the Zomba district; but now they are harassed and crushed into a corner, until their separate existence as a tribe is fast becoming a thing of the past. Great workers in iron they had been, and still are, for they make the bulk of the hoes used in the Zomba district; but unfortunately they are looked upon as fair game for both Machinga and Ajawa men-stealers. Those of them who are confined to the island can only come across to the mainland and to Zomba by taking their chance of being kidnapped by the way, or walk during the night. Many of them have been thus caught and carried away and sold to the first caravan. Those

Wa-nyassa have no means of helping themselves. There is no one to fight in their defence, and the only alternative for them is to struggle on, or give up their independence and become subjects of Malēmia or some other chief, who would show them little mercy. Shirwa island is not large, and the number of people that exist on it is more than double what the land is capable of supporting, even were it good land, which it is not. They catch a good many fish, for one thing, which helps them greatly; but even then they eke out a miserable existence. One thing that strikes a European visiting the island is the large number of children capable of being taught in the school. This is accounted for in this wise, that the children are confined entirely to the island, and do not run the risk of being caught and carried away. Different estimates have been given of the number of people on the island, but one is safe, I think, in saying there must be something like a population of 2000 of all kinds. Something must be done for them, for they can do little to help themselves.

#### THE NATIVES AS WORKERS.

Those who have experienced breaking-in the raw native to work, have doubtless felt that they had

a hard work to perform. However, I think the wonder is, not that the native does not work better, but that he works so well. He is not a very bad fellow on the whole. Although among them there are a few that would try the patience of the most even-tempered man, there are a number of fine workers who require comparatively little looking after; but the great bulk of them need to be well kept at their posts, else they will take undue advantage of one's being lenient with them. When one considers that a native who earns a fathom of calico for himself, another for his wife, or she for herself, and some half-yards for the children, obtained by selling a few fowls, or a dozen or two of eggs, need trouble himself no more about his wardrobe for say three months, he cannot help admiring them for seeking more. Their own life at the village, stretched full length under the shade of the assembly tree, smoking their pipe, cracking jokes with one another, and a few pots of *pombè* in the background, is a life that a lazy man might well envy. However, to the credit of both Wayão and Manganja be it said, they are not lazy. Many of them work when they might well be enjoying life at home; and taking into consideration the facts that they could go through life without doing

hardly any work, apart from cultivating sufficient grain to support them, the depressing influence of heat, and the insecurity of their lives in a country where the stronger survive longest, there is good reason to congratulate them on their willingness to improve their positions by good honest toil. At the same time there is always this drawback, which is the case all the world over, as calico becomes more plentiful and easily obtained, they become more careless and regardless of work. But the same principle applies to a man at home who retires after he has made a moderate competency. In their eyes the possession of a dozen yards of calico, half-a-dozen handkerchiefs, a pound or two of beads, constitutes a rich man so long as they last; and should the man who possesses these riches strut about like a lord of creation, and perhaps pay you a visit as if it were the greatest condescension on his part, and refuse to think of working himself, but, when spoken to about it, refer you to a few naked scraggs of boys who have accompanied him, one of whom, most probably, has been staggering under the weight of his lordship's flint-lock—for it is beyond his own dignity to carry it—you need not be surprised nor seek to anathematise the sons of Ham, even should your own crops be suffering for want

of hoeing. We have entered the Shire highlands for the express purpose of developing the country, and civilising and Christianising the natives; and we need not expect that they will be capable for many years to come of attributing to us motives beyond what they themselves ever dreamt of. Such a motive as working for the good of a fellow-man is no part of their philosophy; and though we ourselves create in them, and by our supplying them with work and wages encourage in them, the spirit of manly and honest independence, which may militate against our own interests, we cannot remain there as Christians without undertaking a heavy moral responsibility, and unless we have in view the higher benefits that civilisation and Christianity bring with them, even should we have to fight against such a difficulty as raising the price of labour by our own actions in introducing the cultivation of coffee, building of houses, and other work.

In working with the natives one has to allow a great deal for their want of acquaintance with the work, and style of working, they may be put to.

I remember well how difficult it was for us to get half-a-dozen men to undertake the thatching of houses at Blantyre. It was only after much per-

suasion, and by a tempting offer of higher pay, that a few were got to accept the work. Now the difficulty is to keep men off the roof when it is being thatched. They have found it to be a tolerably easy job, and all and sundry are prepared to thatch. The same was the case with brick-making. Few would undertake to mould when brick-making was first introduced; but now there are a host of moulders, who, if they do not get moulding, will refuse to tramp clay, as they consider themselves in the light of skilled labourers. Thanks to Mr MacIlwain, there are now a number of men well able to saw with a pit-saw: they also consider themselves above the ordinary worker, and flatter themselves with the idea of their work being more valuable than any. In my mind at this moment is a long-legged fellow, who, acting under the impression that without his services I could not get on, got into the habit of coming to his work half an hour, sometimes more, late in the morning. Not having been blessed with a temper of the meekest kind, a few days of this, coupled with a rest of three minutes at every cut of the saw on his part, and a smoke every half-hour, with a drink of water between, to obtain which he had to walk to the stream, a distance of 250 yards, so irritated me, that I felt

compelled to send him about his business, much to his astonishment and disgust.

His was no exceptional case, and summary dismissal is often the best lesson one can teach them. With a squad of natives, say a hundred men, women, boys, and girls, one has a hard day's work in keeping them all in order. You turn your back for a little, and there is a slack off at once. Should you come upon them unawares they will be found looking for you from all the corners about the place, and at the first appearance a signal is given, and work resumed with vigour. You go up to some one of them and ask his name, with a view to putting a mark against it: dead silence ensues. Nobody knows his own name in a case of this kind, and you need never ask another for the name of his companion. This proceeding may frighten them for an hour or two; but they soon forget it, and fall to chattering, the women to giggling and laughing, and all combined to listening for the *lipenga*—bugle. The first blast of the bugle is heard, no matter where they are; and, if you care to listen, you will hear the remark, "That's it," before the sound has well passed over their heads. They are amusing characters many of them; and if one knows exactly what they say, he can post himself up in all the

scandal of the country in a few hours. Twenty women working together, for instance, keep up, if allowed, a continuous talk from morning to mid-day, and from two to five o'clock. They know each other's private affairs well, and nothing escapes them.

The white people are a never-failing source of talk. Any new-comer is well discussed. Whatever happens among themselves is brought to the front, unless certain topics, which they know we do not agree with. For instance, you will never hear natives discussing any of their secret customs, such as the *unyago*. These are religiously kept quiet, and your only way of getting information about them is to secure some one, and pay him to come to you privately. But any such topic as Mr So-and-so having beaten his wife is well known publicly, or Mrs So-and-so having eloped with some other woman's husband. These they enlarge upon. Then they discuss the qualities of certain kinds of calico, handkerchiefing, and beads, and arrange about the prices of fowls, flour, eggs, &c., and are altogether a set of voluminous talkers.

When working with a number of men, you may always allow a certain amount of time for smoking. When the pipe is taken in moderation, and not made too much of, it is best to let them have a puff



now and again. It has a wonderful effect in freshening them up about the middle of the forenoon.

One source of annoyance between the Msungu (white man) and the native, is the former's not being able exactly to make the latter understand what he wishes done, through his not being able to make himself perfectly understood—and sometimes even then, through his not being sufficiently explicit in his instructions when giving an order. As one gets acquainted with the language this difficulty vanishes. Of course you may have occasionally to deal with a blockhead to whom no amount of explanation would make clear what you wish done; but such are not very plentiful, considering all the circumstances under which they have been placed.

Women come to work with their children on their backs, and others at their foot. Men who have more than one wife turn *them* out, and too often stay at home themselves. Young boys and girls are, as a rule, fine workers, and are more useful and handy in a brick-field than grown-up women. Latterly, children of tender years turned up for work on a Monday morning, but were always rejected, except, it may be, a few for light work. I speak hopefully of the natives as workers, always bearing in mind that they must be thoroughly well looked after.

## NATIVES AS CARRIERS (PORTERS).

One cannot help often admiring the way in which those black fellows will stand out a journey. For carrying a heavy load I believe they are not equal to the Unyanyembe men, who will start for the coast, a distance of well on for 1000 miles, with a load of 70 lb. weight; but they carry remarkably well. However, they are getting particular now as to the weight of their loads; and although at one time we had no difficulty in getting a man to start with even 60 lb., they will not touch anything now over 50 lb.; and heavy boxes, and large boxes though not heavy, have to lie often for months before they will touch them. The only cure for this is, of course, a team of oxen and waggon, which should have been adopted long since. It is absurd to be struggling with a number of men who will not carry but what they please, and at the same time having oxen enjoying the bush and doing nothing. Unfortunately, with the Matope road this plan can only be adopted for a part of the way, owing to the presence of tsetse-fly, but with the Katunga road it is different.

A man who will walk twenty miles a-day with a load of 50 lb. is no weak fellow, and his powers

of endurance are great, especially when you remember that his food is likely little else than his tobacco-pipe. A man will start on a journey of thirty or forty miles with only a few ears of maize slung over his shoulder. He will walk ten or fifteen miles, when the Msungu will be requiring to be fortified with roast-fowl or some tinned meat, bread or biscuit, washed down with tea or coffee; but all he (the native) will use is his tobacco-pipe, or, it may be, a few grains of maize roasted over the fire in a potsherd.

He will, of course, cast longing eyes towards the bones of the fowl the Msungu has been discussing; and a wing or a leg may be divided sometimes into as many parts as there are carriers in the party. Too often, however, for the unfortunate carrier, the boys who accompany the Msungu and do the cooking, secure all the left food as their special perquisite. At night, after the day's work is over, the native has his chief meal of the day. This is the case whether working, travelling, or at home. When on a continuous journey of several days, time must be allowed during the mid-day halt for them to cook food. In this, they often irritate one by sitting beside their fire until you are ready to start, then sud-

denly they get up and set about cooking. Of course you threaten to tap their pots with your boot; but after a little a milder feeling comes over you, and you become mollified when you remember that they have had a hard struggle since morning, it may be with a heavy load, and that having once sat down, rest was too sweet to be enjoyed for a few minutes only. Consideration for your carriers generally results in satisfaction to yourself. A few minutes extra spent in arranging your loads to suit the strength and carrying powers of your men is time well spent, and may be a gain of hours, even on a short journey. A man unable to carry his load and keep up with the caravan may, on a long journey, result in a loss of a day or more. No man should be asked to carry more than 50 lb. With this weight an average carrier can go easily, and you have all your men well up with yourself. It is most important never to lose sight of your carriers. When once they fall behind, apart altogether from the risk of their making off with their load, a great deal of time is lost waiting for them at the camp, besides the anxiety and worry. Men carrying your provision-basket and your clothes-box should never be heavily loaded, and they should always be in front.

## CHAPTER V.

NATIVE AGRICULTURE, INDUSTRIES, CUSTOMS,  
AND BELIEFS.

Shift to fresh ground every second or third year—Tends to bare the country of trees and increase drought—Chief crop *chimanga* (maize)—Ground hoed—Wood and weeds burned in heaps, earth-mixed—Sowing on dotted mounds—Mode of hoeing and covering weeds within reach of the crop roots—No digging, only scraping of surface and earthing-up—Careless of future fertility—*Sorghum* (Kaffir corn) on the river-plain—Beans of twenty sorts—Sweet potatoes—Yams—White rice on the river—Pumpkins and cucumbers—Cassava (arrowroot)—Ground nuts, sesame, and castor-oil—Tobacco—Sugar-cane.

NATIVE INDUSTRIES: Weaving—Gardening—Mats—Baskets—Grain-bins—Water-tight baskets—Grass fences—Grain-pounding—Pottery—Iron-work of the Manganja—Stone anvil and hammer—Smelting of ore—Goatskin bellows—Bamboo tongs—Inauguration of a new furnace by beer—Smithy news.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS: Pathetic grief of a widow—New fashions possible—The Unyago (Bona Dea rites)—Hearts eaten—Ordeal for witchcraft—Punishments for adultery—Unselfishness rare—A “darg” of hoeing—Respect for white men—Sham presents—Credulity in marvels—Medicine-man—Ideas of God—*Mbepesi*, or united deprecation of evil by peace-offerings—No fasting in their rites.

## NATIVE CROPS AND METHODS OF CULTIVATION.

It has been said it is of no use an English agriculturist going to the Shire highlands to teach the

natives agriculture. This, in a certain sense, is true; in another sense it is not true. They grow their own crops very well in their own way; but then their way would not suit an English agriculturist, nor be adopted by any intelligent colonist. Their system as at present does comparatively little harm to the country; but were the country densely populated, then their style of agriculture would have to be changed, or the country would become ruined. It must be borne in mind that in very few places on the highlands do we find anything approaching the American forest-land, where a mere scratching of the surface-soil is all that is necessary to ensure a good crop. The ruinous feature in the native system of agriculture is their shifting to fresh ground every second or third year. It is not ruinous for them—rather the very opposite; but the country suffers, and already in the neighbourhood of Blantyre the baneful results of this system are clearly visible. Denude a country of its trees, and you change the climate from a moderately wet one to a very dry one. Streams that should keep running all the year round become dried up by evaporation, and instead of a rich vegetation in the form of trees differing in size and height of stem, foliage beauti-

fully varied in tint and form, you have a partial desert burnt and dry.

The crop which the natives on the Shire highlands grow chiefly is *chintanga*—Indian corn. It is grown extensively, and thrives luxuriantly. In the Blantyre neighbourhood you may see hundreds of acres of maize, 6 to 9 feet high, with beautiful dark-green leaves, each stalk bearing on an average two ears containing three to four hundred grains each. In the month of January you take a walk out through the more thickly populated places, and you see garden upon garden of splendid *chimanga*, an infallible proof that the country is good.

To ensure a good crop of maize, the native method is simple, though destructive of timber. Early in the dry season, after the grass has reached maturity, but is still unburnt, a man proceeds to the bush and selects a piece of ground, and puts his mark upon it, either by "blazing" a few trees or hoeing together a few tufts of grass. His next step is to turn out with his axe and cut down the trees 3 feet or so from the ground. Very large trees he generally leaves standing, not because of any ideas he may have as to the effect on the landscape, but simply on account of hard work, for he never leaves a fine trunk standing if it

comes within his powers of hewing down. His next move is to lop off the branches and cut them up into portable sections, when they are piled together in heaps, and having lain until they are sufficiently dry to burn readily, they are set fire to. The grass has been hoed by his wife or wives and children, and piled also into small heaps, which remain until they are dry enough to burn. When the rain approaches, no time is lost in getting these set fire to. They are covered over with earth and what rubbish of weeds and dirt has been on the ground, and they go on smouldering for days, even weeks, slowly burning up the vegetable matter, and leaving instead inorganic elements, which are the very life of the maize-plant. These heaps are placed 4 or 5 feet, or even more, apart, and vary in size. When the rain has fallen and saturated the soil to a depth of say 3 inches, they begin to plant. This is done by making two, four, or more cuts with the hoe in the one hand in the little mound, according to size, putting in a few grains with the other, and then covering it up with another cut of the hoe, and so on over the clearing until all is planted.

Having planted the maize, they follow after with pumpkins and cucumbers, and some kinds of beans.



These are planted in the centre of the mound as a rule, and their long vines throw themselves out to the clear ground between the mounds and produce their fruit. When the maize has reached the height of 6 inches, the whole field has to be hoed. By this time a plentiful crop of grass and weeds has shown itself, especially if the garden is two or three years old. Their method of dealing with grass is a good one, and in fact the only one I have found to be of any use during the wet season. Instead of hoeing out the weeds and grass and leaving them to wither in the sun, they collect them into heaps and cover them up with earth. Even then they are not effectually put out of sight. But when left to wither in the sun, although well shaken, a shower of rain falling soon after replants ninety out of every hundred, so that the work is to a great extent lost.

During the wet season in a country like Africa no weed should be left unburied, and if possible everything should be buried within reach of the roots of the plant. It is absolute waste of time and money to carry weeds off a field, unless in certain cases, when nothing short of burning will extirpate them. When the maize has reached the height of 3 feet, another and final hoeing is

given. In this instance earth is pulled to the roots of the plant, which enables it to support itself against the wind, and affords its adventitious roots a medium of supplying it with the necessary sustenance.

Nothing more is done for the crop, and it will be seen that only a few inches of surface-soil have been used. In no case has the ground been loosened to a depth of even 6 inches. To begin with, the maize was planted in a raised mound; by the time the roots had exhausted it, a fresh supply of earth was brought to them, not by digging down, but by scraping a few inches off the surface. The roots of the plant had never gone beyond the mound into which the seed was planted. This is where the native system is defective. Instead of using only the surface, and hewing down fresh trees every second year, they should be made to utilise the soil to a depth of 8 inches, and use upon it their own ash-pit and refuse-heap at the village, which is considerable. But they see no force in this argument; nor can we blame them, for they are always changing from place to place. And they do not hesitate to tell you, when spoken to on the subject, that it is of no use their planting bananas and other fruits, for no sooner will they

have come to the point of enjoying the rewards of their labour than some change takes place which necessitates their removal to another district. They are thus regardless of anything tending toward the public good and provision for the future.

Though maize forms their chief article of cultivation, there are various other crops which they grow regularly. Besides maize they have sorghum, beans, potatoes, rice, millet, pumpkins, cucumbers, cassava, and various kinds of Eleusine. Sorghum or Kaffir corn is grown chiefly on the river, and in some places at Zomba. It is the crop on the river, and holds the same position amongst other articles of cultivation there as maize does on the highlands. Sorghum has the advantage of being biennial: it may even be used for three years, but the third crop is apt to be poor and blanky. The grain is easier converted into flour than maize: the plant, too, though growing to an immense height—often 12 feet—when the soil is good, will yield a fair return in thin shingly soil that would not support maize. The roots of sorghum are of a stronger character, and go farther in search of food. Of beans there are over twenty varieties grown, representing half as many species. They have several kinds of the kidney-bean, which they sow late in the season, and

as a rule in new ground. Ground-beans, too, though grown more on the river, are planted by them, and, like the kidney, in new ground. Sweet-potatoes are an important crop. These they raise from cuttings. In preparing the ground for this crop they throw the earth into long mounds or ridges, and then fill it full of cuttings from the potato-runners. These cuttings may be a foot or eighteen inches long, and are put six inches into the ground; or a long cutting may be bent, and the bent portion put into the soil, leaving both ends above ground. The cuttings root rapidly, and at each plant grow several large tubers. In addition to the potatoes they have a variety of yams. The yams are also planted in mounds; but unlike the sweet-potatoes, they require to be staked or planted where the vines can lay hold of a support, and so carry their weight off the ground. A common method of dealing with the yam is to raise a bank of earth at the root of a small tree, and leave the vine to climb as best it may. Yams are raised from cuttings of the tuber; and to absorb the sap and keep them dry after being cut, they are rubbed in ashes, which has also the effect of greatly preventing them from rotting. The tuber grows in many cases to an enormous size. I have seen some of them which weighed close on

50 lb., quite a load for one man. There are varieties of yam that do not grow large; and perhaps they are the best, being drier and firmer when cooked. Rice is not grown extensively on the highlands, and the variety grown is chiefly a coarse red one.

On the river you meet with excellent white rice, and can generally get what you require at a reasonable rate. There is no reason why some of the better varieties grown on the hills in India might not be introduced to the Shire highlands. The natives have been slow in extending the cultivation of this article, and yet have had its beneficial results brought often enough before them; but they prefer their *ugali* (pottage) made from the flour of maize of sorghum to anything and everything else that has come within their reach.

Pumpkins they grow by the cart-load, and at the season when they are plentiful you may buy a basketful of them for a mere trifle. Cucumbers, too, are often so plentiful that they have grown old before they have used them, and are allowed to rot in the field. In speaking of cucumbers, it may be well to mention that I do not mean the equivalent of the home cucumber, but rather the original type of the melon—*Cucumis melo*—which has found its way into the interior through Arab traders, probably

from Zanzibar. Several varieties of the beans they now have, most probably came from Portugal; and though Kaffir corn may be considered indigenous to Africa, maize, on the other hand, is wholly and solely from another continent, with which, however, Africa has unfortunately had too much to do. There are various other plants that can be traced to the coast quite easily; although there are several genera that have the same species represented in India, which can hardly be accounted for as having been introduced. Cassava is grown at every village. In many places, to a large extent, you meet with it both on the river and on the highlands. Its propagation and cultivation are easy. When first planted it is commonly in new ground; but any open space about the village may well be utilised by filling it with cassava. Pieces of the stem, eighteen inches or two feet long, are thrust into a mound of earth, and left to take their chance, getting a slight hoe occasionally. When about two years old it is ready for use; but if not required, it is allowed to remain a longer period in the ground. Cassava forms a good stand-by for carriers, as it requires no cooking other than being roasted in the ashes; and then it has the advantage of being not easily damaged.

Ground-nuts are not grown largely on the hills. On the Zambesi and lower rivers they are grown extensively; the same holds as to sesame. The castor-oil plant you meet with everywhere. It is hardly cultivated by the natives, but you find it at every village. There are about thirty varieties of it.

The cultivation of tobacco holds an important place in every garden. The young plants are raised in most cases under the eaves of their huts; and when the rains are well advanced, they are planted out into raised mounds if at the villages, or into fine black loam in some low-lying spot where the soil is moist. When the plant has grown six or seven leaves they top it, and allow no more to grow—that is, those who pay good attention to it. Some there are who leave it to grow pretty much as it likes; but the tobacco is inferior both in size and quality of leaf. They cure the leaves by a process of spreading them on the roofs of their huts and letting them have the dew during the night, then the sun through the day, if not too strong; and the leaves, when cured, are plaited into a three-strand plait, which is rolled up like a belt and held by pins stuck in through it. As to the quality of the tobacco, there have been various

opinions; but, so far, as I am aware, no opinion from a broker has yet been obtained.

Sugar-cane is grown in patches here and there. On the highlands there is comparatively little land suited for the production of really good cane. On the river it is different. There you may plant cane to almost any extent. No use has been made of it by the natives other than chewing, and the consequence is that only small patches are to be seen. What cane there is, however, is of splendid growth: tall, strong canes, plenty of juice, and that rich in saccharine matter.

## NATIVE INDUSTRIES.

One feels quite justified in saying, that to a certain extent the natives both on the river and the highlands are industrious. Considering the temptation to live a life of idleness and ease, as I have said, they are not lazy. In 1876 it was quite common to see in villages on the Shire young men and old men busy spinning cotton into thread; and below a shady tree here and there would be an old man weaving a piece of cloth on a loom which he had made himself. The loom was of a simple kind, and the process of weaving slow;



but the cloth he made was first-rate in quality. His web would not be more than six feet long and about three feet broad, and this meant a great deal of work. Now that English calico has come in so plentifully, the native-made article has gone almost out of date. The former can be had with less trouble; a man may earn a fathom at any time by carrying a load to Mandala or Blantyre.

The natives are early risers when the weather is good; and in the busy season of hoeing and planting you will see man, woman, and child on the road to the garden soon after daylight. Their work-hours are confined chiefly to the morning and forenoon; the afternoon is devoted to leisure and rest. The women, however, have too often, instead of resting, to devote themselves to the mortar and pestle, pound grain into flour for themselves and their liege lords, or gather *liponda*—that is, the leaves of a variety of plant which, when cooked, serve as a relish to the *ugali*. The men, when not engaged in garden-work, occupy a good part of their time making mats out of bamboo reeds, paring splints for baskets, plaiting and weaving baskets, making hoe and axe handles, erecting new huts and rethatching old ones, and weaving storehouses for grain. These latter are large bins, often six feet deep and from three to

six feet in diameter. They are made out of split bamboo, pared down to one-eighth of an inch or so, and set on a raised platform: when filled with maize, a roof is put over them and thatched with grass. In this way maize and other grain keep during the bulk of the year. Inside most of the huts there is a platform laid on four forked posts three to four feet in length, and on this platform a quantity of grain is always stored. It gets blackened outside with smoke, but suffers less from weevils.

There are at least half-a-dozen kinds of baskets which the Wayāo work, and as many amongst the Manganja; they are chiefly made out of bamboos. These baskets are a favourite occupation of old men who cannot stand a hard day's work, and who thus earn calico sufficient to clothe themselves. Young men also work baskets. Amongst the Manganja it is quite common to see a basket holding, perhaps, ten gallons of beer. The basket, when made, was smeared outside with a kind of pitch, which renders it watertight. A small one is used as a drinking-bowl—being filled with beer and then handed round, each one taking a capacious draught as it passes by. Making of drums, preparing arrows, and making combs for ornamenting the head, along with other knick-knacks, form fine amusement for

the younger section of the men. In the dry season a deal of grass-fencing, or palisading, has to be done. Many of the huts are surrounded by a grass-fence five feet high, and occasionally you see some taste displayed on a work of this kind. A neat-handed man will clean the grass before tying it on, which gives it a nice appearance; and besides, he may fix a line of split bamboos in such a way as to make it resemble a herring-bone or diamonded line. The native himself is always under the impression that his life is by no means an easy one. His care, however, sits lightly upon him; and when there is a *pombè* spree in the neighbourhood, he is generally able to lay aside all that troubles him and take an active part in the jollification. A freeman has the advantage of being his own master, and able at any time to throw down his hoe, his axe, or his knife, and take his pipe and stretch his limbs on his mat under the shade of a tree.

The women, too, as well as the men, think themselves hard-wrought. The bugbear that always stands before them is the pounding of the grain. "It is a hard job, and many a tired arm must there be before a season's crop of grain is all made into flour." On them devolves a large share of the hoeing, and out of it they cannot get. I have known

again and again cases of women working their day's work on my own place, and going home at night to pound grain into flour for their husbands' and their own food. Saturday afternoon is not always a holiday with them, for if there be no flour or other food available they must begin pounding, and Sunday comes in handy, as by working then they may pound as much flour as will serve them most of the week. The mortar, however, has associated with it a few pleasant features too; for it is the usual custom for several women to assemble together with their babies on their back, and chat and laugh and scandalise for a forenoon, and thus lighten the monotony of their lives.

The making of pots and vessels is confined to a few of the older women; but they make some remarkably fine ones. It is wonderful how they mould and shape at a piece of well-beaten blue clay until they have formed it into a pot capable of holding perhaps eight or ten gallons of water. They use no mould, and have no means of keeping the shape other than their own hands and a bamboo splint. The most difficult part of the process is in firing. They have no such thing as an oven, but fire everything in the open, which is a most unsatisfactory arrangement. They lose many of

their pots in this way. The more artistic among them go in for a little carving or scroll-work round the rim. They make good pipes too; and though not common, you meet with, now and then, an attempt at representing the head of an animal or even a man on the front of the bowl.

#### IRON - WORK.

The iron industry is carried on mostly by Manganja men. They appear to have been the chief workers in iron for long back. The ore is dug, carried home, and smelted by them; and after going through a process of firing, it is hammered into hoes, axes, and knives. Their anvil is simply a flat stone, and their forge-hammer is a large stone which the striker holds between his hands, raises it up as high as his head, and comes down on the glowing metal. When the Mission party arrived at Blantyre in 1876, there was then a smelting-furnace within a few hundred yards of the station, and a smithy in an old hut immediately beside the station was daily patronised. Considering the material they have to work upon they turn out a wonderful article. Their bellows consists of a goat-skin which has been stripped off the animal without any cut other

than one round the neck. Into the neck of the skin a clay pipe is led, and the skin securely fastened round it; the wide end of the skin is cut across, a bamboo splint sewed on each side, and the bellows is complete. In working it, the operator squats on the ground, raises the bellows open, brings the sides together, presses it down, and forces the wind through the clay pipe into the fire. Coal is unknown in the highlands, and charcoal made chiefly from Msuku is what they use instead. The tongs usually consist of a split bamboo, and to keep the tongs from being burnt too soon, a pot of water is kept beside the blacksmith, into which he plunges his tongs after each contact with the heated metal.

The day on which a new furnace is inaugurated is a great one. Great quantities of beer are prepared, and the doctor never forgets to propitiate the "Masoka" spirits that overrule such mundane affairs as the proper smelting of iron-ore.

The common thing for each family to do is for all of them to turn out early of a morning and make tracks for the iron-mine, and bring home as much ore with them as will serve for hoes for the year. Others go again and again, and have hoes to sell. There is always one man who, in a kind of way,

owns the furnace, and he exacts so much from each party who gets his ore smelted in it. The owner of the ore prepares and brings his own charcoal, and blows the bellows, or arranges with his companions to do so for him; and, in the same way, the blacksmith only takes in hand the skilled part of the work, he having nothing to do with providing the material or labour.

The smithy is a never-failing rendezvous for idlers, and a general resort for the men of the village. Political matters are discussed there; and just as in a country smithy in Scotland on a winter night you hear men talking of this or that field being well ploughed, such and such an affair happening, Mr So-and-so doing this or that—so they while away the time by remarks on some one's garden, the last wonder of the district, when rain is to come or when it is to go away, what are the chances of war being in the neighbourhood, how many slaves have been captured by the last raid on So-and-so's village, what the English are doing,—and so on. Happy mortals! they have their cares, and troubles, and trials; but their joys, on the other hand, compensate them, and they go through life easily, and survive what would kill men of a higher nature.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS, BELIEFS, AND SUPERSTITIONS.

To those who wish a full account of native customs, beliefs, and superstitions, I recommend Mr Macdonald's 'Africana.' As already remarked, the intention in writing these chapters is not that of book-making, or of writing a full and detailed account of the Shire highlands, but rather a brief outline of the most prominent features; and it may be considered incomplete without reference being made to the more prevalent of their customs and beliefs.

The natives on the whole, then, are a set of happy-go-lucky individuals, who are philosophical enough never to sit down and cry over spilt milk. They take the world pretty much as it comes. So far as I am aware, no one among them has ever died of a broken heart. But they are not void of feeling, for all that; only, the necessities of their lives tend to harden their hearts, which under different and more favourable circumstances are capable of great affection.

A year ago an old woman lost her husband—he having been struck by lightning. As is the usual custom here, her friends and neighbours assembled to mourn with her. The men of the



village pulled down the hut, and carried every vestige of it to be burned. The old widow sat by herself under the shade of a cassava-bush. Her sisters were doing what they could to show their sympathy by sitting on the earth, crying by turns and making long faces, and giving utterance to feeling ejaculations about the deceased; but it was easy to tell where the genuine sorrow lay. The old widow's face was wet with tears: she cried, "O my husband, where have you gone to? What shall I do now? How am I to live without you? Who will hoe the garden with me? Why didn't you take me with you? Where shall I find you? Oh that I had died too!" Here was a case of genuine grief. Ugly this old woman might be thought by some, but her heart was just as much human as the refined daughters' of England.

Native customs are many and varied, and it is long before one gets at the root of one-half of them. It is wonderful how they do things according to custom, and are not slow in many cases at being able to give you a reason for them. Of course they follow customs in many cases that have been derived from their forefathers, until they have literally become part of their existence, and because their forefathers did a certain thing, they also must do

the same. But it is going too far to say that they have not improved on their forefathers, or that they will not reject customs handed down for centuries, and adopt new and better ones. To introduce a new custom, and especially a good one, is by no means easy, but it is not insuperable. About as great a difficulty will be to prevent the natives aping European customs, which, however suitable they may be for the whites, are entirely unsuited for them,—such as wearing boots, white shirts with “masher” collars and cuffs, imported English provisions except in a very limited sense, and other European luxuries. It may be said—Let them have these if they care to pay for them. By no means. They are more in the position of pupils, whom we of higher intelligence ought to train up to the proper use of the good gifts of God, and not the abuse of them.

Both amongst the Manganja and Wayāo are customs repulsive enough, and, as might be expected, there are several that, when followed, partake largely of cruelty; but, on the other hand, there are many of a harmless character, suited to the country and the people. Of the first class are those of a secret character, which are never practised openly, such as the *linyago*,

when young girls are initiated into the mysteries of married life by some of the old women—at the same time all the women of the district being assembled, and dancing in a state of nudity, and going through a number of immoral performances which only women are supposed to witness.

Enemies killed in war have no respect shown them. Their heads are cut off, and too often their bodies cut into pieces. The heart of an enemy who has been brave, and caused his antagonist much trouble, is usually eaten by those who have killed him, and this is supposed to inspire courage in their own hearts. In the same way the heart of a leopard or a lion may be eaten with a similar purpose in view.

No death is supposed to be too bad for a wizard or witch-doctor, and no mercy is shown him. Let a man or woman be once suspected of witchcraft, and their life becomes a burden. Trial by ordeal is the custom invariably followed. The suspected party, knowing and believing in his own innocence, too often begs to be allowed to drink the fatal dose of *mwavi*. Should a man vomit the concoction he has proved his innocence; but otherwise he dies a wizard, whom all are glad to see off the face of the earth. I know a case where three men were made to drink the fatal dose one morning, which killed

them all. It will be long before such a deep-rooted custom will be put out of them—certainly not till the present generation have all died away.

Amongst those on the river calling themselves Makololo are practised some customs the most barbarous and cruel. A chief's wife accused of adultery has had her head racked between a forked stick till she told the name of her seducer. A man gets his ears cropped for tampering slightly with his chief's harem; and if the offence be serious, his head is cut off, and the body thrown into the river. It is not love of virtue that prompts such measures against adultery, but a determination on the part of the chief that he shall be supreme. Adultery is always punished heavily both amongst the Manganja and the Wayāo. I have been told that amongst other tribes some horrid cruelties have been perpetrated by way of punishing this offence.

It is more pleasing to dwell on native customs that are harmless, and that have a certain use in binding together society such as it is. In a country where every man considers his own interests of the most importance, selfishness grows strong in the hearts of all. It is the case with the natives in the Shire highlands. Unselfishness is a rare plant. In fact it is hardly to be found, but when one does

meet a specimen of it he feels gratified. The inhabitants of a village live sociably, however, and get along in a quiet way, each one helping his neighbour no more than is really necessary. There is an entire absence of public-spirit amongst them. No one sees any use in working for the public good. A tree may lie on the path, and each one as he comes to it walks round it, or jumps over it, rather than remove it, under the idea that he has no more right to remove it than his neighbour; and on this principle the tree remains until it rots or is carried away for firewood. Considering the circumstances under which they have been born and nurtured, it is useless to expect a virtue in Africa which is a scarce commodity even in educated Britain. And it is not in ten years nor forty years that the African will be brought to see that God has a higher claim on him than that of attending entirely to his own interest, however important that may be.

The custom of helping each other to hoe the garden, or giving a "darg" as the saying is in Scotland, is very common and widespread. One man agrees to have a "darg" on a certain day, and his wife sets about brewing a quantity of beer. His neighbours know what is going on, and assemble

with hoe or axe to do whatever is most needed. Work goes on steadily from early morn till mid-day, when they knock off, and wind up the proceedings by drinking the beer. ' This is called a "Chijao," and is a good thing in this way, that it keeps up a friendly feeling among them, although they save little in point of labour or value of material—for if I hoe with you to-day, you are supposed to hoe with me another day. • •

A good feature among them is the respect they entertain towards strangers, especially the white man. It is the rule, rather than the exception, to be civil, and polite, and respectful. It takes several years' living among them, however, before one knows all the little outs and ins that constitute life among them; and through not knowing their customs, which one may think of little account in a way, he might go through a village and observe nothing that would lead him to suppose they were at all interested in him. On the other hand, by paying respect to their own little trivialities you may be received kindly, and presented with food and fowls and eggs; and even although some old wife makes you a present of a fowl with a view to getting double its market value from you, the better way is just to take it and say nothing. You may be pre-

sented with six or eight eggs by another old woman, who is most profuse in her expressions of regard for you, and you give her in return a small quantity of nice red beads; or perhaps a handkerchief. On getting to camp you congratulate yourself on having what you consider some nice fresh eggs. The cook plumps half of them into the kettle, gives them a boil, and brings them to you; but oh, horrible discovery! instead of a nice fresh egg, you have a chicken that a few days longer below the hen would have hatched; or if not the chicken, the eggs are rotten, and you find that the old lady had simply raked them from below her hen, or the hen had met some accident, and she, unwilling to lose anything, made the best of them. In such a case, were you to see in print your expressions about the untutored African, you would be apt to disavow them. Poor black woman! there is no mistaking the fact that both white and black have come from the same stock originally. Whatever be the colour of the skin, actions show that old Adam is in the hearts of all.

Those among them who give themselves out as having certain relations with the unseen and supernatural always command respect. Being of a superstitious turn of mind, they can believe almost

anything; and it is amusing to see sometimes how coolly a man will relate a story about devils and giants, and wind up with an expression of the profoundest gravity. There should be no difficulty in teaching miracles to them, because they believe so much in the miraculous. Their medicine-man holds a strong power over them, and to fight against his influence is a herculean task which will only be accomplished after long and hard battling. For instance, war is threatened by a neighbouring chief. The medicine-man is applied to. He comes to the village. Men, women, and children are assembled. "Yes, here I am, and I have the material that will render harmless all the powers of the enemy. Let me anoint you with my medicine, and should you be hit by a bullet, you will never feel it—the bullet will rebound back and kill the man who fired it; or if you prefer it, I shall make you able to catch the bullet in your mouth, and spit it out as a matter of no concern. I can also bring darkness on your enemy's camp, too, so that they will lose themselves, and be glad to shout for help from you—in which case you will, of course, make as many slaves as possible." The above pretensions were actually put forth by a man at a village on Zomba, and many of the villagers had themselves prepared



for their enemy by getting their faces and bodies anointed with medicine.

The tide of affairs turned, however; and to the credit of the villagers be it told, this impostor was ousted from the village, after having been made to disgorge a quantity of beads and other things that the people had given him in exchange for his services.

One cannot say they are religious, and yet they have among them traces of a religion. There is a Supreme Being whom they acknowledge, and whose wrath they endeavour to avert in a variety of ways; but there is no Being whom they love. "Mulungu" is to them the Being who made heaven and earth, and who presides over their destinies; and His good actions or evil actions toward them are just as He is pleased or displeased. They evidently judge God as they judge themselves, and though acknowledging that He is infinite in power and wisdom, they fail to attribute to Him a magnanimity greater than they themselves possess. They conceive of God as treating them as they treat one another, and are entirely ignorant of the fact that "God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts."

There is something sublime in the thought of a

whole community assembling together to endeavour to appease God's wrath and avert His anger. They take the most natural way that presents itself to them.

Assuming that they have committed some grave offence, and in consequence God is angry with them, they agree to propitiate Him by making an offering of a part of all they possess. It may be their crops suffer for lack of rain, or it may be too much rain which damages the maize crop, or it may be war or other evils. God is displeased with them, and the only thing for them to do is to ask Him, through the priest for the time being, to accept this tangible confession of their fault, which they have committed ignorantly—for they are all good people in their own estimation.

A small hut is erected some distance from the village, and dedicated to this use. They bring together a small quantity of every article of food and drink, and the whole is carefully laid together. The priest asks God's acceptance of it, and lies alone in wait for an answer, which comes to him in the form of a dream. This they call *Mbepesi*, which, taken from the verb *kupembesya*, to pacify or appease, means an offering with that intent. The offering is almost always accepted, and the

*Mbepesi* is wound up by a jollification of drinking and dancing. The African, as in the Shire highlands, is none of your long-faced, sentimental worshippers of the Supreme Being; he believes in having as much as possible the tangible proofs of that Being's beneficence put to the test as often as possible. The idea of fasting is too repugnant to him; he has to fast often enough, but always against his will.

It is good that such a custom as the *Mbepesi* exists, for it should not be difficult to build upon it, and to show them the true meaning of offering a sacrifice. One thing is evident, and it is this—that they never remember Mulungu except under calamitous circumstances. But is it not too often the case in the land of churches and schools that God is forgotten until some heavy disappointment calls Him to the remembrance of His forgetful children? Need we wonder that the African, who has no revelation other than that of nature, should forget Mulungu in times of prosperity, and remember Him only in times of adversity? Many of his customs have a firm hold upon him, and several of his beliefs may influence him, especially those superstitious ones, but it is a simple question of time to see all of them relegated into the land of oblivion.

## CHAPTER VI.

FROM BLANTYRE TO MOPEĀ (MAZĀRO) BY LAND—  
MAY 1884. . . .

Reason of journey—Morrison and Goodrich went shortly before for same reason—Caravan of forty men engaged—Start on 8th May—Somanje van, Chelembwe middle, myself on ox-back rear—Meet a *pombè* spree at Bangwe—Gain seven volunteers—Pass by back of Malabvi—Thrice cross Lichensa stream and reach Namonde's village—Get two guides—Fun with ox and rider—Make for Mtuchila stream—Halt for second night—Rhinoceros at hand—*Lulamba*, park-like grass-land—Three of the Bangwe men desert—Sunset halt by Mtungwa stream—Camp—fire stories—Ford the Lichenya—Sunday evening at the Ruo—Cross in canoe—Vast greed of Manga-sanja—Stayed a day—Present of tusk—Got guides, and started on second afternoon—To Mlira's village—To Mongwe, and halted by stream Lilasi—Next day ascend to Mlolo's village, 4000 feet above sea—Chief friendly, and halt a day—Recognise the hills visible all round—Descend toward the Shirè—Meet Morrison, also Consul O'Neill, with calico and mail—Next morning on Shirè plain—Cross the Lilasi thrice—Belt of tsetse-fly—Halt for Sunday at Mtundu's, seven miles from the Shirè—Meet another calico-supply *en route* for Mandala—Village described—Trees and plants—Fresh guide got—Reach Machinjifi town—Ruined walls and church—Next forenoon at Chironje, and kindly received by Portuguese lieutenant—Soldier as guide—All here destroyed shortly after by rebel natives—Stand made at Mopēa—Skirt Morumbāla Marsh—Road from village

to village now—A house for travellers—Mosquitoes—Hills Pinda and Morumbala before us—Camp at Pinda village—Next day reach African Lakes Company's station below Morumbala hill—Next, Zambesi Custom-house—Next again, late, at Namukunga's—Mopea, six miles beyond, reached next forenoon—Thence down the Kwakwa to Quilimane.

• On return journey Mlolo gives guides—Cross the Ruio ten or fifteen miles below Mangasanja—Thence through the bush to Blantyre—Fourth day from Ruio reach Blantyre, 30th June.

OWING to the obstruction of communication by river after the sad affair between Mr Fenwick and Chipitula, it was absolutely necessary to make an effort to reach the coast by land, take letters for home, and bring up the mails that were now lying at Maruru. Calico, too, was done. Mandala supply was finished; and though Mr Scott did all in his power to help us out of the difficulty by giving a share of the Mission calico, it was evident that it too would not last long. Captain Foot had intended sending Mr Goodrich overland with his despatches, and also to bring up a supply of calico; but through men at Zomba having failed to implement their promise, he was unable at that time to do so. Meanwhile Mr Morrison had left Mandala with a few men, and had undertaken the journey, going round by Mlanje and Mangasanja's with a view to striking the river below the Ruio. This he did successfully.

Mr Goodrich, accompanied by Monteith from Mandala, followed a fortnight later, and also managed to get to the river, although they had a good deal of trouble with Mangasanja when passing him, as he saw his opportunity of extorting a good price for being allowed the privilege to pass through his country.

A week after Mr Goodrich's departure I undertook to form a caravan and go also for a supply of calico; for it was evident that unless active measures were taken to get calico up overland, work at Blantyre, so far as we were concerned, would be at a standstill.

To organise a caravan at any time is a difficult and troublesome job, but it was much more so just now, as various reports were afloat as to the road. The journey was new; and although many of the Wayāo knew the path that led to Quilimane, and had gone it repeatedly, still no one came willingly forward to volunteer his services. However, after a few days I succeeded in getting over forty men enrolled, and got them settled thus far. Each man got the value of eight yards of cloth in shirts or calico in advance, and I arranged to pay them twenty-four yards for the journey, with an additional eight yards for food. Caravans

amongst themselves, when starting for the coast, create quite a sensation in the district. They are spoken of long before they start. The women have to be allowed lots of time to prepare food. With us, however, it is impossible thus to foretell matters so long beforehand, and our system of going at a matter at once, astonishes them greatly.

By the 8th of May everything was arranged, and at noon the same day a start was made. Single file is the method of travelling in Africa, as is well known. Somanje, my best boy, and Chelembwe, my major-domo, led the van. There was no grand march-past, as is sometimes the case when beginning an "Ulendo" (journey). The caravan left the Blantyre Square in good order, but were soon helter-skelter over the cattle-run, their white cloths, and new shirts having a rather good effect.

At the last of the Blantyre villages we pulled up, and got the caravan into proper marching order — Somanje in front, Chelembwe in the middle, and myself with my riding-ox behind, bringing up the rear. Being all in good spirits we marched on rapidly. Passing through several villages the carriers made as much noise as possible, and put on the most gallant airs. Having

descended the slopes of Bangwe, we halted for a few minutes, when a *pombe* spree was going on. Dancing and drumming were being vigorously engaged in. The caravan drew the attention of the whole assembly, so that they left the village and came to the road. Knowing our destination, seven men volunteered to accompany us. I was only too glad to accept their offer, and enrolled their names as part of the company. More than an hour was spent here waiting until the new carriers could get their food. Passing over Bangwe our path lay round the back of Malabvi, and by sunset we got to a village at the foot of the latter hill, where we halted for the night.

Next morning, after a good night's rest, we resumed our journey. It was full moon, and an exceptionally heavy dew had fallen. We waited till the sun was fairly up before starting, but even then those who led the way had to plunge into a cold shower-bath. The road was arched over with tall coarse grass, which, being heavy with seed, bent its head easily under the weight of dew. Now and then the road was completely blocked, and we had to halt till the path could be cleared. Three hours' marching brought us to Midima, one of a series of small peaked hills standing on the



plain that extends from the back of Ndilandi to Shirwa. A large stream called the Lichensa flows past the foot of Midima. We had already crossed it twice, as it rises on the Blantyre side of Bangwe and Pingwe, and going round the end of Malabvi, winds across the plain, and eventually falls into the Mtuchila. Crossing it for the third time, we pulled up at Namonde's village, which is situated in close proximity to it. From Namonde I wanted two men to lead us straight through the bush to Mangasanja's. The road which Morrisson and also Goodrich and Monteith had taken led past Nkanda's, and they had to make him a rather handsome present, which I wished to avoid doing, as well as follow a more direct and shorter course. Namonde I had seen before, when Mr Henderson and myself had tried to take the same direction, but had to turn back at the Mtuchila, owing to its being in a flooded state, and the country generally in a condition unsuitable for travelling. Inquiring for the chief, I was invited to his presence, where he sat under the verandah of his hut. After making due inquiries for the state of his body, which had every appearance of being in a healthy condition, and exchanging the usual salutations, I told him my business, and asked him for guides.

He had promised at that time to assist us, if we again should wish to try the path we had been unable to open on account of the flooded state of the rivers; and now I reminded him of his promise. He was very gracious; said that Mr Henderson and myself were his friends; we had come to his village, stayed a night there, and taken away nothing but what was our own. Rather a good compliment. Most willingly would he furnish men to act as guides, and do all he could for me. During the time the guides were getting their food ready, I had my mid-day meal. Namonde evidently wished to impress upon myself, and my men especially, a due sense of his importance and greatness. At best he is a small chief, with only a few people, and owning but a small extent of country. He is easily excited, and speaks in a most ill-natured manner, so that one has to know him a little before being able to form a fair opinion of him. Forward he came with a lordly air to where the men were squatted on the ground, and at once opened upon them. "Do you know me?" he said. "I am Namonde, the son of my father; and by the graves of my ancestors, I am not a man to be trifled with! Do you hear me? Were it not, for the sake of my friend Makanani (Buchanan) I

would send every man of you back to your homes." Having gone on in this manner for a little, I thought I had better tell him to desist, that he had said plenty, and might just go too far. Some of the younger fellows in my company were uneasy, and would have showed how much they feared him by taking to their heels, had it been possible to do so. The old men knew that Namonde was practically harmless, but they clapped their hands and acquiesced in his own opinions of himself. Having eased his mind as far as his bilious temperament would admit, he was quieting down when some one told him that two men belonging to Mangasanja were in the company. "Then where are they? Come to the front. What are you hiding for?" The poor souls sat trembling, but shuffled forward a little, and all was quiet. Now this is a man of really little consequence as a chief. Still in the present state of the country it is wonderful the amount of damage he could do to the English. He would never make war on us, great as he thinks himself; but without having in our power due liberty to punish a man of this kind, he could harass a caravan, keep stealing a truss of calico now and then, and put us to considerable inconvenience. As it is, he is quite

friendly, and not difficult to manage, only he needs to be dealt with carefully.

Having brought forward the guides, I made him a present of calico, a knife, and a few other things. An umbrella he politely refused to accept, saying, "Umbrellas may do well enough for those effeminate Arabs that come about Zomba, but they are not for me. Give me calico instead."

Having made good terms with the guides, and got a friendly present from Namonde in return for the one I gave him, we made a second start. My ox was a great source of amusement. What did I do with him? Was it possible I rode on his back?

Somanje led the way, the carriers filed after him. Namonde's women and children were all assembled. I didn't mean to make a showman of myself, but Namonde insisted on my getting on to my ox. Surely I could not refuse them such a privilege as that of seeing a white man riding a black ox. It was useless trying to make an excuse, so at last I threw myself into the saddle, which produced most gratifying results. The women laughed themselves into fits, and passed all manner of remarks; Namonde was delighted. So away we went amidst roars of laughter.

Leaving Midima about mid-day, we marched rapidly on, crossing several streams of cool, clear water. Part of the way was through old gardens where the grass was tall and strong. The country we passed over, once away from the hills, was well wooded with Msuku and Njombo trees, most of which, however, were small. The soil in some places was good, but miles of what we passed over was thin and sandy. Elephant spoor was in abundance, but the lordly animal himself conspicuous by his absence. For about eight miles we had a path which led to the confluence of the Lichensa with the Mtuchila, where men from Midima and Chirasulo were in the habit of fishing; but we had to leave it and strike straight for the Mtuchila, as the path led us too far down. For an hour we had to push through grass six feet high until we came to the river, which we crossed with moderate ease. No camping-place suitable being close to the river, we marched on for two miles more, when we halted for the night. Calling over the men's names, each one placing his load down in front of me, they were told off for their various camp-duties. Several went for firewood, others to get grass, some for water; Somanje and a few more undertaking the pitching of the tent and putting up the camp-beds;

whilst Chelembwe in a marvellously short time had the kettle boiling, and produced a cup of coffee and milk, which served until he had time to make supper. One of the men called my attention to an animal that was stamping among the grass. I tried to get near him, but could not get a sight of him owing to the long grass. I had just raised my rifle to fire a chance shot at the spot, when a fool of a boy made a noise by getting up into a tree, and so frightened the animal off. His spear proved to be that of a rhinoceros, but I did not care to follow him.

Next morning all were in marching order by seven o'clock. We were now entirely without a path, and the long grass was almost impenetrable. A heavy dew had fallen also; but it was necessary to make an attempt to get on. The guides stripped off their clothes and plunged into the grass, and moving forward, the remainder followed. Again and again we had to stop till a dense piece of jungle could be got through. We were now making straight for Mangasanja's, beyond the Ruo, where we hoped to get guides to take us on to Mlolo's. Little of interest occurred during the day's march. We passed over some tracts of fine rich soil, great expanses of tall grass which

looked like a field of corn at home. The *lilambo*, common all over the Shire highlands, was prevalent here. The *lilambo* of the Wayāo, and *dambo* of the Manganja, is a tract of grass-land having no trees, and producing a heavy crop of grass, in some cases tall and strong, in others short and wiry. When looking at the country from an elevated position, these *malambo* (plural) give to it a park-like appearance. You may see a *lilambo* comprising an extent of a hundred acres, and some of them far more; and if your imagination is at all vivid at the time, you begin to look for the castle or mansion which in England and Scotland is the complement of so pleasing a demesne. You imagine you are looking upon some old estate at home. Soon it recurs to your mind that you are in Africa, and your dream vanishes, only to give place, however, to other dreams; for you cannot help wondering how many years must expire before the homestead of the farmer, or the factory of the planter, shall rear their heads on many a pleasant undulation, and instead of so many acres of fine land lying waste, herds of cattle, fields of corn and other crops, and plantations of coffee and other commercial products, shall yield a rich return to the labours of man. The civilisation of Africa is only a question of time,

and I doubt not, before very long, the face of the Shire highlands will be changed by the hand of man.

Probably the geological formation of the ground immediately below the surface accounts for the existence of these *malambo*. The surface-soil seems to rest on a very impervious subsoil, which does not admit readily of drainage. The surface-soil gets thoroughly saturated with rain-water, and as it can only drain away by the surface, the ground sours, and produces that wiry grass which is only found in wet situations. In the wet season the *lilambo* is little better than a swamp, in which you may go over the ankles in water. It is of great service, however, for cattle, as there are often considerable pickings of green grass to be got when the bush generally is burnt up. *Malambo* predominated largely along the path we were now following; often they were half a mile in breadth, and extended towards Mount Mlanjè for miles. Undoubtedly thousands of acres would have produced rice abundantly if only one had the species and varieties suitable for cultivation at this elevation. Vast herds of cattle, too, would find abundance of food and water. I saw no tsetse-fly in this part.

Close on twelve o'clock a whisper ran along the line that *nyama* (game) was in front. I moved



along as quietly as possible, and saw a magnificent Harris buck lying on a knoll about, as I thought, 150 yards in front of me. I fired and missed; fired a second time and wounded him, but he got up and scampered off. I felt much chagrined at losing such a fine animal. A splendid pair of horns he had, too. But I consoled myself as best I could, trusting to getting another chance soon, when I should hope to regain my prestige. At noon we halted and had dinner. To my surprise I found that three of the volunteers from Bangwe had turned back in the morning; but to their credit be it told, each of them brought me, on our return, the calico I had advanced to them. The afternoon's march was similar to that of the forenoon. By sunset we had reached a fine large stream called the Mtungwa, after crossing which we camped. The loads having been deposited in order, and each man having answered to his name, the camp arrangements were completed, and all took to rest for the night.

It is very interesting for one who knows the language to lie awake for a while listening to the various conversations that go on amongst a number of them camped by their fires. Those of any blood-relation, or friendly in any especial way, club to-

gether, and keep the same position all through the journey. They lie four or five of them round one fire, and use only one cooking-pot, each taking his turn at cooking, unless there may be old men in the party, in which case the young men relieve them from most of the camp-duties. By the camp-fire they talk over and discuss all manner of questions, and keep up talking after it is far on into the night. Many of them have an almost inexhaustible fund of stories: their conundrums are a source of amusement of which they seem never to tire. For vigorous snoring, I should back many of them against a full-grown pig; and during the night, should one hear an unusual grunting, he has not to be rash in concluding that a wild pig is going the round of the camp. Ninety-nine out of every hundred are addicted to the use of the weed which is said to soothe, and they indulge freely in it after the toils and fatigue of the day's work are over. Tobacco-smoke is bearable, but when they use *bhang* with the tobacco, it becomes disgusting. *Bhang* is said to deaden the feeling of hunger and fatigue. When used in excess it stupefies, and puts them almost mad.

The next day being Sunday, I debated for some time whether we should proceed; but as the dis-

tance to Mangasanja's was to be only a few miles, I thought we might accomplish that part of the journey by mid-day, and rest all afternoon. Soon after leaving camp we ascended a ridge, from which we got a glimpse of the Rue, and saw the hill on which Mangasanja has his chief village. Between us and the Ruo lay a small river called the Lichenya, which debouches in the Ruo many miles down. We made straight for the Lichenya, and soon found ourselves on its banks. Our disappointment was great, however, for at that point it could not be forded without great risk. The river would be about fifty feet wide, with no visible current. A dark, dank appearance it had, and visions of crocodiles and possible water-snakes prevented every one from trying its depth. It was tantalising to have to walk up the banks for two miles, and to walk as far back again on the opposite side, but it was the only alternative. At the proper ford there is a dilapidated village, and a little old man, who acted as chief, and gave himself important airs. He was kind and hospitable though, made us a present of a pot of beer, and willingly offered for compensation to lead us over the proper ford. His village was ensconced below a number of handsomely tall trees, and beautifully cool. It was, indeed, a tropical scene; the

river running close by, the tall trees with a variety of creeper and climber, and plants growing below that are only to be seen in the tropics.

The Lichenya divides into three branches, one of them having a current so strong as to render crossing difficult and dangerous. The loads were all got safely over. I followed with the ox. The bank of the first branch was so steep that he was unable to extricate himself from the river. The men going out before wetted the bank so, that his feet slipped at every effort to pull himself out. At last several of the men, by going in behind him, managed to raise him on to the bank. I gave the chief a present of calico, and after getting a change of clothes, we made for the Ruo. The guides, lost in the multiplicity of paths that led hither and thither, were going in a most roundabout direction, until I absolutely forbade them to proceed farther that way, but rather make straight through the bush for the ford. Nothing is more irritating when travelling than to be told that the place you are going to is within a short distance, when you may be miles from it; or on the other hand, you are told, "Better to camp here; we are far from the place," and you find yourself within a short distance. If you have walked fifteen or twenty miles, and your guide tells you

you have just to go round one or more turns, and you find you have gone miles since then and are not yet arrived, you cannot be blamed if you become impatient and speak to him unpleasantly. In the morning we were to be at Mangasanja's by mid-day, and now towards evening we had only got to the Ruo, and after a hard day's walking. Unless you know pretty accurately where you are going, you are entirely at the mercy of your guides, who say they are near or far from the place just as they fancy. Having got at last to the Ruo, we had to make an effort to get across. Happily a canoe was there, and a man who had drank more *pombè* than was good for him, at once took in hand to ferry us over. Messengers were sent at once to Mangasanja, whose village was up on the hill, to apprise him of our approach. Meanwhile we busied ourselves getting over to the other side. Sitting on the bank watching the proceedings, my attention was called to a man coming up the bank gesticulating wildly, and simultaneously a woman on the other side was crying madly, and endeavouring to lay hold of the canoe. It transpired that the canoe belonged to her, and she, of course, did not approve of its being used without her permission. I promised to pay for it, having had no other intention, and succeeded

in quieting both her and the man on my side, who, I suppose, was her husband. We got all safely over; and after the messengers came back from the chief, saying he would be pleased to see us, we began the ascent to his village. The Ruo, where we crossed it, was a river between thirty and forty yards wide, between high banks, having little or no current, although both above and below the current was strong.

So much time had been lost in crossing the Ruo, it was already dark whilst we were climbing to the village. After a hard pull we found ourselves at the top, and waited patiently for the chief's welcome in person. Nobody belonging to the village was to be seen, save a few children. This seemed strange, and even more so when, asking for water and firewood, we were told they had none. As the chief did not appear, I sent messengers to ascertain the cause of his delay; but not getting a satisfactory answer, I made certain of knowing the true state of matters by sending Somanje, with a message to the effect that unless the chief appeared I should, even at this late hour, depart from his village. Somanje came back, and let me understand that the men I had sent previously had simply told a parcel of lies. They had seen the chief, but did not convey his

message to me. He followed hard on Somanje, and appeared quite friendly; asked me to erect my tent, which I would not do without first having his assurances of friendship. I explained to him my business and the meaning of my visit, and expressed my surprise at his not being more friendly disposed. I presented him with a small piece of coloured print as a token of friendship on my part, which he accepted, saying he wanted to be on good terms with the English, and wishing me a good night's rest, went off to his hut. The tent was pitched, the men got themselves stowed away in corners here and there, and all being tired, went soon to sleep. It had been rather a hard Sunday's work, which one might have avoided could he have foretold in the morning what was to transpire during the day.

The village being situated on a steep slope, it was difficult to get a level place for the tent—in fact impossible—so that I lay at an angle of something like 60°. The moon was full, the atmosphere clear, and from our position we could look down on the plain and distinctly see the silver line of the Ruo when it was not overshadowed by tall trees. Mlanje cast a huge shadow over part of the plain. Turning to the Blantyre hills, I could see them at a distance of perhaps forty miles in a straight

line. What surprised me not a little was the exuberant growth of bananas at this elevation, where one would not have expected great depth of soil. Many of the huts were actually hid amongst bananas; and the clear moon shining full upon them, whilst a moderate breeze sufficed to keep their graceful leaves in gentle motion, had a wonderful effect in soothing my mind, which had not been in the best mood lately. The worm that was to gnaw my fancied gourd, however, was soon at work; for before falling asleep I had a strong presentiment that the morrow would bring Mangasanja out in his true colours, when I should have an opportunity of witnessing the combined effect of tobacco, *bhang*, and that vile decoction *kachaso* (drink), on a man in whom avarice, deceit, and dishonesty were the ruling passions.

In the morning the chief sent to inquire for me, as to how I had slept, and whether I felt well, and accompanied his inquiries with a small piece of eland flesh his men had shot the day previous. After breakfast I sent Somanje with a present of sixteen yards American sheeting and a piece of handkerchief. This he refused, as being too small a present, and intimated that it must be doubled. Not being in a position whereby I could force my



way out of his village, and knowing that failure to get along would only tend to encourage the Makololo in their unjust demands, I considered the wisest policy was simply to give it to him. He accepted the present, and said, now that we were on friendly terms, we would leave the matter of paying for the road—paying for the privilege of being allowed to pass through his country—over till evening. I should have to stay all day; and, not to take me by surprise, he mentioned the various articles he expected to receive. These were the following: First of all my riding-ox, a man's load of calico, a gun and powder, several pieces of handkerchief, a blanket, &c. This was too much for my temper to stand. I went at once to his hut, and apprised him of my presence by the usual method of clapping of hands. He had already drunk a considerable quantity of *kachaso*, and was using his *bhang* pipe freely. I feared what the effect might be on him—whether he would not be more a devil than a man. He came out and politely asked me to sit beside him in his verandah. This I did, and at once opened the question of payment for the *litala* (road). I told him plainly he was asking what I neither could nor would give him; and that unless he moderated his demands, I should make an effort to leave his village peaceably

and go back to Blantyre. I pointed out to him that Morrison had opened the road and paid for it; but this he would not listen to. Every man, he said, would have to pay for himself. I then told him that, on his own assurances of friendship, I had come and pitched my tent in his village; and, as he well knew, I had done him not the slightest injury, but had shown rather the best intentions. He said, if I could not part with my ox, I could send to Blantyre and get another for him, which would do him equally as well. He was very accommodating. He would even send two of his men along with one of my own, and a letter, to bring the animal to him. . .

After talking the matter over for nearly half an hour he modified his demands, and said that we would finally settle the question in the evening. The truth is, he was asking for more calico than I had got with me altogether; and how was I to pass other chiefs on the road with nothing at all? I returned to my tent, and spent the most of the day reading some old numbers of 'Macmillan's Magazine.' In the forenoon Mangasanja's head wife came to pay me a visit. Well I knew what this meant. It was the same old game one has seen played so often. She wanted a present.

Calico I had none to spare her; but rather than have her wrath extended on my head through the medium of her husband, I gave her one of my blankets from off my bed, which she accepted. Whether she was pleased or not, may be best judged from her sending me in return a basket of dried-up pumpkins, which the men refused to take with them, as they were nothing more than vegetable fibre.

In the afternoon Mlira, a younger brother of Mangasanja's, paid me a visit. He appeared a more open and straightforward man than his brother; said he would do all he could to get guides for me, and so on. Mangasanja himself had spent the greater part of the day settling matters between himself and his villagers. Towards evening he sent for me to say that he was now ready to settle my matter. I went at once, and found him in a better frame of mind than in the morning. He reiterated the old demands, but said, since I had not the mind to comply with them, perhaps I could suggest some other way of paying him. I told him that his demands were exorbitant and unjust; and besides, he should neither get ox, gun, nor powder from me, and that he was asking more calico than I had with me. Mlira, when

visiting me, had seen a small tusk of ivory in my tent, and of course told the chief of its presence. He then suggested that I should give him it, and that if I was eager to have it back I could buy it from him on my return. This, I could see, was a deliberate trap. On my return he would demand ten times the value of the tusk, on the ground that I had agreed to buy it from him. I was careful, therefore, to make no promises. The tusk weighed 8 lb., and might be worth £2. I therefore agreed to let him have the tusk as complete payment for the road. This he accepted, but adding I should have to give him an umbrella in addition. He undertook to provide me with guides to Mlolo's, and said, as I was now a special friend of his, he would condescend so far as to send his son with me. I went to my tent, feeling relieved, as there was now a probability of getting away next day.

In the morning Somanje went to see what progress had been made in the matter of procuring guides. By mid-day, he was told, they would be ready. I was impatient, and, of course, ready to start long before mid-day. The African has no idea of time. A delay of a day—even a week—is no matter to him, so long as he has food and drink; but time is precious as gold to the Englishman who

is anxious to get on. I saw the chief myself, and told him I was anxious to get away. He now talked of sleeping another night; but this I could not think of, and threatened to go without guides rather than wait. At mid-day, however, they came to the front; but, just as I thought, they were unreasonable in their demands for pay—so much so, that I was on the point of throwing up all the arrangements we had already come to. Having at last settled the question of pay for the guides, we had now to wait till they got their food, and then a boy had to go to carry the chief's son's gun, and he must be paid. He was too important a personage to carry it himself. Then, as a parting present, the chief must get a piece of coloured stuff to roll round his head. At last I was able to tell the men to take up their loads and march. Mangasanja came and said good-bye, shaking hands. I tried to appear as gracious as possible, but I confess to feeling towards him anything but a gracious wish. Away at last, I made a mental oath that only the direst necessity would bring me within his power again. A man of comparatively little importance, he had succeeded in making me pay up to the tune of £4—not a heavy sum certainly, but far too much under the circumstances. And

yet it was better to pay quietly and get away peaceably than to have had a quarrel, which would have made complications more complicated. The river being shut for the time, our hopes were centred on the overland route; so that if it also was to be shut by the unfriendliness of the chiefs on the way, our difficulties would be increased ten-fold. Consul O'Neill, months after, went overland from Blantyre to Quilimane, and so did Dr Peden, without going near Mangasanja. But, using the route past him, we could get to the river much sooner, and so reduce the length of the land journey.

Marching rapidly, we soon came to Mlira's village, where we halted for the night. It was a cold raw evening, and as I had not been particularly well, the result of all was a sharp attack of fever. The tent being pitched, and camp-bed put up, I turned in, and after perspiring freely for some time, got over the worst of it. We had still to get a guide from Mlira to accompany the one from Mangasanja. This was another ruse on his part to extort a few yards more. The one would not go without the other, and no course was open other than produce the calico. Mlira himself, too, had to get a present. These arrangements I made before going to sleep. In the morning I was early awake, and got up,

though feeling rather shaky. It was clear that the bush was preferable to a village composed of such rascals. Mlira was growling that he had not got enough; but on being told I was in no way bound to give him anything, he calmed down, doubtless under the happy thought that he would make up for it all on my return.

Getting away from Mlira's before eight o'clock, we marched straight through the bush for a short distance, when we came upon a path that led to Mongwe, on the top of which was situated Mlolo's village, where we would have to get other guides to lead us to the river. Between ten and eleven o'clock we halted, and rested for fully two hours. Towards sunset we found ourselves beside a large stream called the Lilasi, which we crossed, and camped close to the bank under the shade of large trees and amidst great profusion of bamboos. Part of the way from Mangasanja's to Mlira's was along the side of Mchenga, the small hill on which the former is situated; then across a level plain covered with Msuku trees, and into Mlira's fields of sorghum. From Mlira's village to the Lilasi the road led over rough broken ground, through which a number of small streams flowed in the direction of the Ruu. As we came near to the Lilasi, which was immediately

at the foot of Mount Mongwe, we crossed ridge after ridge, but all well wooded, with good soil in the valleys. Our camp by the Lilasi was a most enjoyable one. There was abundance of firewood, and the men lit up immense fires; water was close at hand,—and thus they had every convenience to be found in the bush. The gleam of the fires amidst the tall bamboos, and the almost naked forms of the men sitting in groups round the blazing piles, the ox in the background chewing his cud, the stream a few yards distant rushing ever onward to be lost in the Shirè, all formed matter for deep reflection. Chelembwe in a short time produced a pot of excellent soup, which I relished immensely.

After a good night's rest all of us got up fresh and vigorous, and at once faced the ascent to Mlolo's village. For nearly an hour's walk the ascent was moderately easy, but after that it became most difficult. The path led over pieces of bare rock slippery with water running over them, round huge boulders, over fallen trees, underneath hanging bamboos, and in many places almost perpendicular. Again and again we halted and took a breath; but by keeping moving upwards by degrees, we at last found ourselves near the top.



Here we halted, and I sent Somanje and the guides to warn Mlolo of our approach, making certain this time that I should not be duped as I had been at Mangaŝanja's. Somanje saw Mlolo, and told him I was waiting below. Mlolo at once expressed his gratification at the prospect of having another Englishman in his village, and sent three of his old men to escort us to the village.\* The men, as they had done when entering villages before, put their shirts and clean cloths on, and they had rather a gay appearance as they marched one by one into the village. The chief himself appeared attired in a pair of sleeping-drawers and a shirt Mr Morrison had given him, and confirmed the friendly message he had sent by Somanje. Of course I should have to stay all day. Meanwhile, got the tent up. He was anxious to see it erected, for then there was less chance of going away that day. He then invited me to see his hut, and offered me a cup of *kachaso*, which he had in a demijohn. I begged to be excused, as I was not in the habit of drinking such villanous stuff. He had no compunction of conscience in drinking my cupful after his own, so that none of it was lost.

Mlolo was by no means a man of prepossessing appearance, nor yet a chief of great importance,

although, like most Africans, he had a high opinion of himself, and could no more stand against flattery than he could have deflected the course of the Lilasi that flowed past his hill. He spoke kindly to his people; ordered his women to set about pounding grain, as flour was needed by the caravan. His influence over his men, however, was not great, an instance of which I had on my return journey. Towards evening I gave him a present of calico and a few other things, and he agreed to bring guides to take me to the river. He expressed great indignation at the manner in which Mangasanja had acted; but it was easy to see that Mlolo, good as he was, saw that Mangasanja's treatment of me would have the probable effect of stopping this road altogether, which he was most anxious to see opened, as every caravan that passed his village would be a source of calico to his people and presents to himself—so that his disapproval of such arbitrary proceedings was not altogether disinterested. Mangasanja and he had until recently been bitter enemies; and he told me further, that but for Mangasanja's son being with me, he had not dared enter his village without running the risk of losing his head. His village being situated on the very top of the ridge, it was inaccessible, and a few men

armed with guns could have kept back an army advancing from below.

The crop cultivated by them was sorghum, and it grew splendidly at this elevation, which must have been at least 4000 feet above sea-level. A splendid view was to be had of the surrounding country: Chipioni to the east about ten miles, Mlanjè farther east and more northward, Zomba to the north fifty or sixty miles, the Blantyre hills to the north-west, the Manganja range of hills beyond the Shirè, and Morumbāla far down, easily recognisable from its standing alone and the flat shape of its top.

In the morning we made an early start, and began the descent on the side towards the Shirè. When clear of the village and gardens, the decline was even steeper than the other side. Those who went before kept rushing down, and could not help themselves. One had to keep a look-out for stones and pieces of rock that had got loosened and came tumbling down behind; and occasionally one had the benefit of sliding on his back for a few feet; next he had to seize a branch or bamboo to steady himself, and guard against the impetus he had to go forward. After half an hour of this trying work, we reached the base of the mountain, and got on in

a more regular manner. Before going far, we met Mr Morrison on his return, with about fifty loads of calico, and Consul O'Neill was with him, on his way to Blantyre. A general halt was made, and we had breakfast together. Mr Morrison, fortunately, had a home mail with him, so that I got letters and newspapers. We marched on till sunset, through a veritable forest of bamboos. The path in many places was blocked up by them, and one was in constant terror lest he should come accidentally against the numerous sharp points that obtruded themselves across his way. The day's march was through a series of small hills that assumed all shapes and forms—although the majority of them had taken the peak-shape, and were quite sharp at the point. There were various streams of cool water gurgling over rocky beds, following the levels of the valleys—round this hill, and back again behind that one—tumbling over cascade and waterfall, until they at last reached the Lilasi, whose broad shallow bed afforded evaporation ample scope to make provision during the day for heavy dews that descended at night like a gentle shower of rain.

Next morning brought us out on the Shire plain. During the course of the forenoon we crossed the Lilasi twice; again in the afternoon we crossed

and re-crossed it. The path for the greater part followed the course of the Lilasi, winding and twisting in a most tortuous manner. Both banks of the river were wooded with baobab, acacia, tamarind, and other large trees which you find only on the plains. The difference in vegetation was quite recognisable. At mid-day we passed through a small belt of tsetse-fly, which I feared would prove fatal to the ox. Undoubtedly he was bit; and on the return journey he failed completely, but managed to pull himself to Blantyre, when he wasted to a shadow, and then began to recover. That night we camped beneath a circle of umbrageous trees, close by a muddy pool, in which, after dark, the men caught a number of fish by torchlight. Three hours next morning brought us to Mtundu's, where we halted, and observed Sunday for the remainder of the day. A few miles back from the village I met Mr Monteith on his return with a supply of calico, which would be highly serviceable up country. During the journey thus far we had only seen one head of game. The men explained that the game kept more in districts where the grass was thinner and shorter, for security from lions and leopards. This might well be the case. I had seen nothing at all startling in

the botanical line, other than what I already had collected. Mtundu's village was within seven miles of the Shire, and considered to be in the Machinjiri Prazo, and subject to the Portuguese. Mtundu himself was very kind and civil. He placed a large clean hut at my disposal, and I spent a most enjoyable Sunday afternoon at his place.

No two villages on the Shire are exactly the same; but Mtundu's may, in many respects, be taken as a typical one. The village is surrounded by a stockade 10 or 12 feet high, composed for the greater part of huge cuttings of the Mlombwa tree—*Pterocarpus marsupialis*. These cuttings—for such they are, though requiring to be carried by two or three men—are set into a trench as close as they can go together; they root readily, and soon put forth young shoots, which gradually develop into branches. Owing to their being so closely packed, however, they live only for a few years. I have seen handsome trees grown from cuttings of this description, that had all the appearance of a tree grown from seed; but they were planted in good soil, and had plenty of room. The entrance through the stockade is narrow, being little more than just wide enough to allow a man to pass through, having first bent down. The space is filled

from inside by a wooden slab, which had once been the bottom of a canoe. Outside the entrance is an arch of Euphorbia, with a piece of Bryophyllum intertwined. This Bryophyllum is one of the few species whose leaves, when placed in a suitable position, emit roots at their margins, at the same time developing on their upper edge a pair of leaves which gradually assume the true form of a plant. All round the stockade were species of acacia and Euphorbia, both of the most formidable character and appearance. Inside, the huts are dotted down without any regard to order. The chief's hut, of course, has the best position, it being the custom to have his hut as near as convenient to the "Panganya," or place of assembly, where all business is done and beer drunk. The Panganya is the public spot to which all may resort. Here and there a man was to be seen busily engaged enclosing his hut by putting a grass palisade round it; women were busy pounding their grain into flour, others dandling their babies; men are lying stretched out on a mat enjoying life; a few of both sexes have been to the gardens for baskets of sorghum and beans and rice; children are romping about amusing themselves. Beneath the verandah of several huts were troughs of black mud, from

which the women obtained a saline solution by washing it repeatedly, which, evaporated, left a black coarse-grained salt. All over the village baobabs reared their dome-shaped heads, to obtain the fruit of which is a source of juvenile employment. Higher than the baobabs stand a number of *Njale trees*; the trunks of the latter are clean and straight, and grow to a great height. Below are a few acacia-trees, and magnificent specimens of candelabra-shaped *Euphorbia*, *Convolvuli*, and *Ipomoea* are to be seen to advantage as they throw their vines over the trees above them, and open their lovely flowers in the forenoon. Underneath is a dense mass of vegetation composed of a variety of thorny shrubs, into which no one can penetrate far. In the more open parts of the village there is a variety of *Solanum*, or egg-plant, grown for its fruit; and a species of *Cleome*, which tastes not unlike coarse cress, is cultivated as a herb. Tobacco, raised under the eaves of the huts, is planted in mounds.

Overhead amongst the branches are numerous birds, endeavouring to be in harmony with a bountiful Providence. White-necked ravens perch in the baobab and *Njale* trees; hawks come sailing over the village, keeping a keen eye on some unfortunate brood of chickens; the white-breasted fish-eagle sits,



cormorant-like, in a secure position, digesting his last meal.

Taking a stroll through the village, dogs meet you, and keep up a continual yelping; real "messans" they are too, but wicked and ill-tempered. This village wanted goats, so common in most villages. Moving about in such a place, you could not help thinking how very lavish has been the hand of nature in Africa, and how ignorant are her people of all this grandeur.

On Monday morning, Mtundu gave us a guide to lead the way to Chironje. Our path now to MopĒa lay along the Shirè plain, following the course of the river. Chironje was a military station of the Portuguese, where they kept a lieutenant and a few half-caste soldiers to keep order in the Machinjiri Prazo. Leaving Mtundu's in the morning, we made straight for Machinjiri village—or town, as it has been called—which we reached at mid-day. Outside Mtundu's village were large fields of sorghum, ready to be reaped. Once clear of the gardens, we passed over a level plain, on which there was comparatively short grass; then through a belt of bush, which had a superabundance of strong thorny shrubs, through which one had to walk carefully.

On the way we passed through one village where a road a few hundred yards long had been made by the villagers. Rice was cultivated here to a good extent, and grew in very wet soil. Women and children were busy keeping the birds off, and a hard task they had. Several miles on we had to cross a small river which had a strong current; the water came to our necks, so that the short men of the party had a difficulty in keeping above water. A plunge in a stream is a splendid thing on a warm day, but one has always a feeling of horror lest a crocodile be lurking near.

Machinjiri town had a few years ago been rather a pretentious place. A square of over a hundred yards had been enclosed by a wall of sun-dried bricks, about four feet thick at the base, and from four to six feet high outside, being loopholed all round, as if it had been intended to withstand a siege. Inside the square a church had been built of clay and bricks and wood, and was still standing, though in a very dilapidated and tumble-down condition. Outside the church was a bell having "Eclipse, 1826," stamped upon it. It had likely been a ship's bell at one time, and had found its way from Quilimane, probably on the vessel having been wrecked. Being cracked, it

was of no use; but I have been told the Jesuits, who had kept a mission school for some time, had used it in their religious services. The Portuguese Government hold Machinjiri in their own hands since the death of Matekenye three years ago, and have simply appointed a man to act as *capitao*. The place was going to ruins. There was a large population, though not nearly what it was when the chief was alive. Matekenye himself was a tyrant who ruled his people with a rod of iron, and was feared but not loved by them.

Leaving the town in the afternoon, we struck across in the direction of Chironje, which was a great roundabout.

Towards evening we halted at another village held by a *capitao*, and slept here; and early next forenoon got to Chironje, where the lieutenant in charge was most kind and courteous. I have always found the Portuguese individually to be kind, civil, and obliging; and no man could have been more so than this lieutenant, who, I am sorry to say, was killed within three months after by the natives when they rose in rebellion against the Portuguese. He gave me a fine fat ram, and would have given me anything I wished that he had. Since leaving Machinjiri I had passed through

some excellent gardens of sorghum. The fields bore a heavy crop, and immense tracts could have been cultivated, were the people and the means there, and a market where the grain could be disposed of. A special feature I observed were clusters of trees growing in a circle, dotted here and there over the plain. They reminded me much of large grass parks in Scotland, where clumps of beech-trees have been planted to afford shelter, shade, and protection to cattle; but here, of course, some other cause must have been at work—probably the ground was drier than the surrounding land, but such could not always be the case. These clumps had a dark, dense appearance, and one could not help imagining them to be the home of lions, leopards, and other wild animals. A species of dwarf palm grew in many places over the plain, and wild-date and Borassus palm grew in groups here and there.

Having rested for some hours at Chironje, we were fresh for a long march in the afternoon. The lieutenant told off one of his soldiers to accompany us and lead the way. Before leaving the place I had a walk round the station, and could not help thinking how utterly unable were the few soldiers there to defend the place in case of a hostile attack

by the natives. A stockade of small trees encircled the station, and at each of the entrances a cannon was placed pointing outwards; but a good charge of powder would certainly have blown the carriage on which the cannon was placed into shivers. The wheels were rotten, the cleaning-rod for the cannon was little else than a round piece of wood on a pole; five balls lay beneath the piece: but the whole affair was merely a cannon in name. The few half-caste and native soldiers would never stand, once bullets began to whizz about their ears; and a fiery stick would set the houses ablaze in a few minutes.

It was evidently not contemplated by the Portuguese that a rising of the natives might take place; but rise they did, and my worst fears were realised. They came upon the lieutenant and his men like a horde of wild beasts; swept everything before them; destroyed over £2000 worth of goods and provisions that were under the care of the African Lakes Company, and had been stored there until quietness would be restored in the Makololo country. The Machinjiri having swept everything before them at Chironje, marched victoriously downwards to Mopea, where the garrison was located; but the soldiers took to flight instead of standing to their

guns. The rebels pillaged the village, destroying thousands of pounds' worth of goods and property. They attacked the opium plantation, where a most gallant and determined stand was made by Mr Robert Henderson, Senhor Caldas, and his brother. A party of Europeans under the leadership of Mr Frederick Moir arrived in time to save them from being massacred, and drove back the rebels, who did not attempt to renew the fight.

A considerable time after, the Portuguese sent troops to Machinjiri, gave the rebels a thoroughly good lesson, carried off the ringleaders, who had been delivered up by their own followers, and thus ended the war and restored peace. Three chiefs who were the ringleaders in the rebel party were taken, it is believed, to an island on the west coast of Africa, and put in penal servitude. How far the Machinjiri were to be justified or condemned is not for an Englishman to say. One thing is certain, they had no feeling of enmity to the English, and could not have, since they had received nothing but just and fair treatment at their hands. On my return to Blantyre, one night whilst resting by the camp-fire I overheard men from Mtundu's saying that the natives respected the English because they dealt fairly by them,

and treated them well; but the Portuguese were different.

Leaving Chironje in the afternoon, we now followed the outside of the Morumbāla Marsh. A very good thing the Portuguese Government commanded was that a road be kept by the natives from village to village. At one time a line had been laid down, and all that remained to be done yearly was to hoe the grass and weeds, and keep the road clean. The road varied in breadth from 3 to 4 feet. It was by no means carried on from village to village as had been intended; but it extended often more than a mile on each side of a village, so that when the villages were close there was nearly an unbroken line. The road over which we passed this afternoon was in many places wet and muddy; then again we emerged out of tall grass on to a bare plain, bounded by a belt of wood running at right angles to the river. At the entrance to one of these wooded belts I could not help feeling intensely gratified at the tropical scene under which I was passing. Overhead was a rustic arch of tangled *Euphorbia* and thorny climbers, festooned with hanging *Bryophyllum*, whilst far above met the branches of other trees—the whole alive, and so natural as to defy an

artificial imitation. On the other side of this wooded belt was a village a short distance off the path; but we went on to the next one, where we halted for the night. Before coming to the village, we passed over a marsh, on which, in many bare places, was a grey incrustation tasting strongly of salt. The grass grew luxuriantly, and had a dark-green colour, which I have observed as an after-effect of nitrate of soda. I should say the saline incrustation produced this effect. Rice boiled in water impregnated largely with this salt changed from a white to a red colour. At this village, as is the case at many others, a house stood for the special benefit of travellers, who were usually Portuguese and half-castes. A very good arrangement it is, too. In the travellers' house was an arm-chair cut out of the solid, which must have entailed much labour and patience. As a work of native art it reflected great credit on them, and might well have been sent to a museum as a curiosity. Unfortunately it was broken at the back, else I should have endeavoured to purchase it.

In coming to this village we had diverged from the path, and were quite close on the river, so that in the morning we had to go back to the road, though in a more direct line. Until the sun was



high in the heavens, we were so annoyed by mosquitoes as to feel quite miserable. Each man had to carry a handful of twigs for the express purpose of keeping the mosquitoes off his person. I had to keep a branch continually in motion across my face. Early in the forenoon we crossed a river-bed 100 yards wide. A stream of beautifully clear water flowed past at one side. In the wet season a large river would flow down by this course to the Shirè. Ahead we could see Morumbāla; between us and it was Mount Pinda—a cone-shaped mountain, easily recognised—and extending from Pinda a low ridge of rough broken hills. Before noon we crossed another river-bed equally as broad as that we had crossed in the morning. Immediately beyond was a village, where we halted and had dinner. The ram we had taken alive to last night's camp, but now we had to cook as much as possible of the meat. Our afternoon's march took us to Pinda, a village beautifully embowered amidst large mango-trees, at the edge of Morumbāla Lake. We were here early, and could have gone farther; but as we had made good marches hitherto, we camped for the night. I had my bed put up under a mango-tree, and enjoyed a good night's rest. The air was deliciously cool during the night.

Next day we had a pleasant forenoon's walking along the foot of Mount Morumbāla; and in the afternoon, by four o'clock, reached the African Lakes Company's station, a few miles below the lower end of the mountain, where we camped. During the two days we passed through immense gardens of sorghum, and considerable patches of rice and semsem—the latter being grown for sale to the various trading houses in Quilimane, who send their agents up-country to buy for them. The trees that predominated were the baobab, Njale, and acacia. The *Kigelia*, found all over tropical Africa, was here too, and the underbush was made up largely of species of *Bauhinia*, *Strychnos*, *Crotalaria*, *Brachystegia*, and an abundance of *Indigofera*, *Hibiscus*, *Solanum*, *Ipomœa*, *Convolvulus*, and *Euphorbia*.

The villages through which we passed seemed to have abundance of food. Their gardens of sorghum would yield them all the grain they needed; and then they had, over and above, sweet potatoes, cassava, rice, &c.; and ground-nuts and semsem they had for sale. Maize, so plentiful on the Shire highlands, is not grown much on the lowlands—its place being taken by sorghum and millet.

The following day brought us to within a mile

of the Zambesi Custom-house. Through our military guide, not knowing the way well, we were led a round of several miles amongst the hills above Shamo. The scenery amidst these hills was admirable; but to one hurrying on, as I was, the knowledge of having lost time unnecessarily, besides the extra labour of ascending and descending ridges of granite and sharp stones, did not tend to increase one's enjoyment of nature.

Passing the Custom-house early the next morning, we walked through little else than gardens of sorghum, rice, ground-nuts, and semsem, until we crossed an arm of the Bwalambwanda. This part of the Zambesi plain was thickly peopled; and at almost every village the Banian was there ready to buy the crop as soon as it was reaped, and in many cases before it was ripe and while yet in the field. The path led through numerous mud-holes and marshes—veritable breeding-beds of malaria and miasma. We had hoped to reach Namkunga's, six miles from MopĒa, before dark; but my military friend again showed how well he knew the geography of the country by leading us into a marsh, through which we waded for two mortal hours in the dark. On one occasion my ox was under water all but his head; and the prospect of getting off to

swim in long boots in the dark, in a place you knew nothing about, was not assuring. We got out of it at last, however, but only to face a more difficult part—that of a river which, I was told after, swarmed with crocodiles. Arriving at the bank, the guide assured us we had only to call to Namkunga's people to come and ferry us over; but we found matters different. We could see the village fires and hear people's voices; but though we shouted ourselves hoarse, not a soul heard us. It was evident we would have to sleep where we were, or make an effort to cross. After considerable delay, Somanje and Ningwa stripped off and plunged in, and found that the deepest part came only to their shoulders. A canoe lay on the opposite bank, but it was rotten; so our only alternative was to wait where we were till daylight or risk across. We chose the latter course—though in the light of after-knowledge it was a rash one. Thanks to an ever-watchful Providence, no accident happened, and we got to Namkunga's village shortly after—the time being now ten o'clock at night. Namkunga knew me well, and rose at once and invited me to share his house. He brought food for the men, and gave myself the best he had. I got a dry suit of clothes on, and after an hour's

chat with Namkunga and a good cup of tea, I turned in and slept till daylight.

This Namkunga is, as he says himself, a black man having white blood in him. He is reputed as being wealthy, but for this I cannot vouch. On a previous occasion I tried to buy cattle from him, and I found then that he knew the value of a sovereign as well as any white man.

Thanking him for all his kindness, I left and walked down to Mopea to the opium plantations, where I met Mr Robert Henderson, who was exceedingly kind, as were also the manager, Senhor Caldas, and his brother. My journey by land was now at an end. I left the men here in a house kindly placed at my disposal by Senhor Caldas, and went down the Kwakwa by boat to Quilimane.

Getting a supply of calico in Quilimane, the return journey up the Kwakwa was performed in canoes to Mopea. My men were all waiting for me. They had been well treated during my absence by Mr Henderson and Senhor Caldas. Two days were spent in arranging loads, and at last all were got off, though every man was well loaded, each having 56 lb, his food and some odds and ends excluded. Nothing special took place on the journey back.

Instead of passing Mangasanja, by giving Mlolo a good present he supplied me with guides who led the way through the bush to the Ruo ten or fifteen miles below where we had crossed it before. The Ruo at this place flowed over a series of rapids, and my heart sank within me when I contemplated crossing it with fifty loads of calico, and, worst of all, taking the ox across. Somanje, however, proved himself useful here as he had always done, and after repeated attempts found a passage fordable. The river divided into various branches, which in all embraced a stretch of little short of 200 yards. By stripping off everything and moving the loads from one place to another, we finally succeeded in getting all across, ox included, with no accident save one load of calico getting wetted in the water. In many places the current was so strong as to take one off his feet, so that we had to join hands and pass from one to the other. The rocky bed, too, made walking almost impossible, as the action of the water had smoothed the surface of the rocks. The whole afternoon was spent in crossing the Ruo, so that we had to camp close by that night.

Our course now lay straight through the bush to Blantyre. We had some hard work walking,

as a good part of the distance was over exceptionally rough ground.\* Off the afternoon of the fourth day from the Ruo, we arrived at Blantyre, and had a warm welcome from all. The men were received by their wives after their own custom, some of them rather laborious, and such as a Scotsman, at least, would not have been bothered with, he being, as a rule, too matter-of-fact for such visible testimony of affection as the native women showed their husbands. Having left Blantyre on the 8th of May, and returning back on the 30th of June, the journey to Quilimane and back, including all delays, took nearly eight weeks. Every man cost about fourteen shillings. It is quite possible, with a large caravan, to take goods overland from Quilimane at a moderately cheap rate; but, except in a case of necessity, the river is the natural highway. It is a relief to know, however, that an overland route can be used in an emergency; and as Dr. Peden's Journal showed, the route he took to Quilimane is much easier, and could be performed in less time than the one I took. One thing I am convinced of is this, that though a caravan may get through whilst weak and badly armed, it will facilitate one's progress greatly to be well armed and able to go through. In my own case, Man-

gasanja would probably have played a different part had I been better armed. Nothing commands an African's respect more than the knowledge that you are superior to him in every way. He is cowardly enough to take a mean advantage of one worse situated than himself.

I do not for a moment advocate imperious treatment of the natives. Every means of obtaining peace should be resorted to before using violence; but there is a medium beyond which peaceful measures presented to them are like pearls thrown before swine, and actions performed from motives of forbearance and peace are apt to be construed by them into weakness and fear. It may or may not be absolutely necessary for travellers to force their way through a country for science's sake; but missionaries, having established themselves in a country for the highest good of the natives, deserve every assistance in procuring the supplies necessary for their existence, and for furtherance of their noble work.



## CHAPTER VII.

## CHURCH OF SCOTLAND MISSION AT BLANTYRE.

Livingstone's Scottish colony idea—Route to reach Blantyre—Site and surroundings—Temperature and rainfall—Our pioneer in 1875—Settlement of staff—Plan of station—Features of history—Sunday native service—English service—Sunday-school—English evening service—Working-day prayer-meetings—Week-day school—Girls' sewing-class—School at Dilandi—Station at Domūsi, Zomba—Estimate of value of the whole work—The Lord's Prayer in Chiao—Chief agents of Mission since 1875—Staff in 1885—Stations and cost in 1884—Books on the subject.

ABOUT three centuries before Livingstone's explorations, Jesuit missionaries had ascended the Zambezi, and established themselves at Têtè, about 300 miles inland. They erected schools, and taught the native children—and their intentions were doubtless good enough; but missionary after missionary died, and the work was abandoned.<sup>1</sup> As Living-

<sup>1</sup> This chapter contains the substance of a Sunday evening address delivered by me in the spring of 1885, in the parish churches of Muḥhill, Ardoch, and Drymen.

stone's work took him away from the river into the highlands, where burn after burn comes trickling down the mountain-side—when the grassy plains and well-wooded slopes reminded him vividly of his native land—the idea occurred to him of establishing here a Scottish colony. The scheme as then brought forward was found impracticable; but the idea has never been lost sight of.

Blantyre Mission station stands at an elevation of 3000 feet above sea-level, and is situated in latitude  $14^{\circ} 45' 15''$  south, and longitude  $31^{\circ} 14' 11''$  east. To reach it you disembark at the Portuguese port of Quilimane, on the east coast, 800 miles south of Zanzibar. Then you proceed by boat or canoe up the Kwakwa river for 80 miles—this journey usually taking about five days. Here you cross on land a distance of 6 miles, where you join the Zambesi river. You ascend the Zambesi by boat, canoe, or the African Lakes Company's steamer, and after 60 miles or so, enter the Shire river, which you ascend for about 160 miles, until you reach Katunga's (one of the Makololo chiefs), when you leave the river and walk up to Blantyre, a distance of 28 miles. You may complete the journey from Quilimane to Blantyre in a fortnight; but allowing for emergencies, one need not count on less than

three weeks. But day after day flies quickly past, with the changing and in many parts lovely scenery, and you soon find yourself at your journey's end.

The station stands on what Livingstone called the third plateau of the Shirè highlands, and is built on a rising knoll having three gentle slopes. About four miles north-east is Mount Michêro, running in a northerly direction, with a beautiful valley along its base. Almost due south, about five miles distant, is Mount Sochè, which rises nearly perpendicular on one side to a height of 5000 feet. A few points farther east are no fewer than seven smaller mountains. Five miles due east from the station is Dilandji, which in appearance far surpasses all the mountains in the neighbourhood. It rises to a height of 5000 feet, and the west side has some of the finest scenery one could wish to behold. From the top of Dilandi, on a clear day, a tract of country 50 miles in diameter can be seen. Away down on the Zambesi may be seen some of the more prominent mountains, and the high fanges beyond the Shirè. To the south-east of Dilandi lies the lofty Milanga range; 15 miles due east is Chirazûlu, and 45 miles farther in the same direction is Lake Shirwa. About 40 miles to the north is the Zomba

range; whilst the intervening country is studded with hills and mountains of less magnitude.

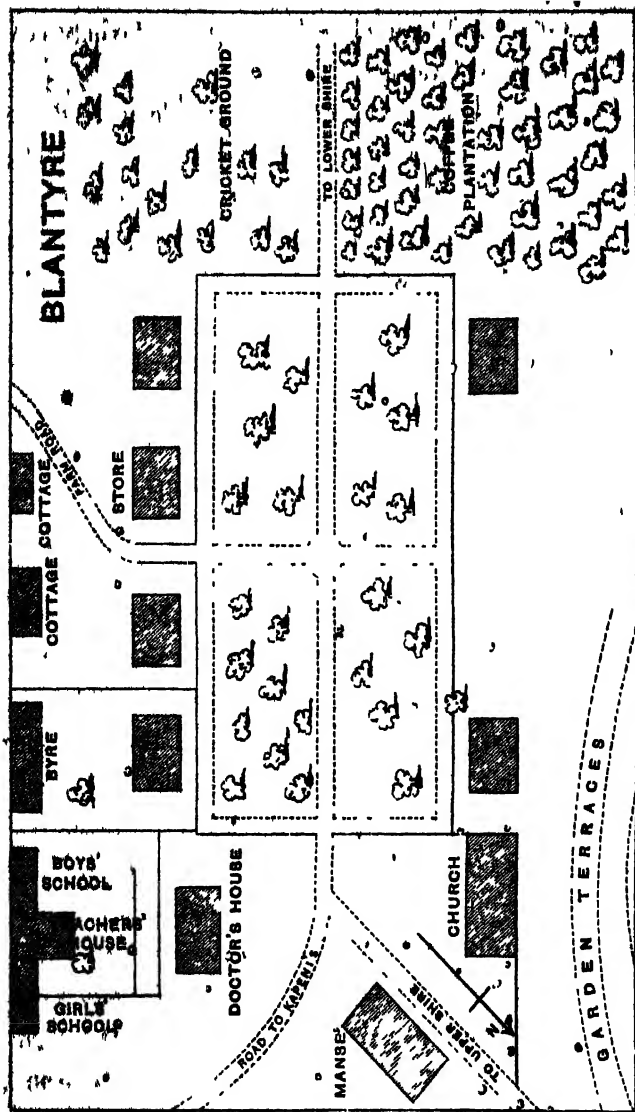
Unlike many tropical countries, we have a temperature which averages only  $50^{\circ}$  throughout the year—the heat being tempered by cooling winds, which make it possible for one to live and work with comparative ease. During my nine years' stay the highest temperature I have known was  $95^{\circ}$  in the shade; the lowest  $29^{\circ}$ , but that only once. For a month or six weeks in the end of the dry season, when the sun is almost overhead, it is uncomfortably warm; but for the rest of the year heat is seldom excessive, unless just before a thunderstorm. The year's rainfall averages from 30 to 50 inches—30 being the lowest, and 52 the highest I have known.

It was in 1875 that the Church of Scotland resolved to plant an industrial and Christian Mission in this part of East Africa. Sufficient money was not forthcoming in time to admit of the full Mission staff being sent out that year. But Mr Henry Henderson, son of the late Dr Henderson, minister of the parish of Kinclaven, in Perthshire, and who had had considerable Indian and Australian experience, was sent as pioneer, along with the Free Church party under Mr E. D. Young, R.N., who

established themselves for a time at Livingstonia, on Lake Nyassa.

In May 1876 the Church was able to send out the staff of the proposed Mission, which reached Blantyre on the 23d of October. The spot had already been chosen by Mr Henderson, and was named Blantyre, in honour of Livingstone's birth-place. The site and country around reflect the greatest credit on Mr Henderson, and show how well qualified he was to be intrusted with the task he undertook.

Right through the station or village runs the road from Katunga's to Matōpè, 60 miles in length, formed to connect the lower and upper Shire by avoiding the Murchison Cataracts at Matiti. Originally the chief feature of Blantyre was a square, 100 yards long by 55 wide, having on each side four good houses, of which four were dwellings, and the other four carpenter's shop, smithy, school, and surgery. The square was kept like a garden, and gave a beautiful centre to the whole. Beyond the houses on one side, on a terraced slope, was the chief garden; and on the opposite side also, behind the houses, were dormitory, new school, store, and kraal, containing, within a palisado 10 feet high, byres, piggery, and fowl-house; behind all being



PLAN OF THE STATION.



the brick-work and tiling,—still beyond being the home-farm, of several hundred acres, running down to the Mudi stream.

More recently the four houses on the one side of the square have been removed, allowing the main garden to abut on the square, in the middle of which stands a new church; while the manse and other new buildings occupy the upper side of the Matōpè road, just outside of the old square.

For nine years now Mission work has been steadily carried on at Blantyre, but during these years the Mission has undergone considerable changes. At one time (1879-80), through having followed a policy that, when inquired into, was found illegal, and through misrepresentation and gross exaggeration of the same policy, it was questioned whether the Mission could well exist longer. On one or two occasions (1884) the lives of all have been threatened. At one time death told heavily on the few who were there (especially the death of Mrs Duncan,<sup>1</sup> 24th June 1883). However, what I

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Duncan (*née* Christian Drummond Cameron) belonged to the village of Braco in Perthshire, and spent the three years of her married life in the Mission, where her house was a home centre, especially to the unmarried members of the Mission and to visitors. There the Editor of this volume spent the greater part of September and October 1880; and in a time of public anxiety it was his privilege to live in an atmosphere of order,



wish chiefly to state are a few actual facts as to Mission work from day to day.

Beginning with Sunday, I shall first describe the regular religious services, both native and European. At half-past eight in the morning the bugle is sounded for the native meeting. Half an hour is allowed for the natives to come together. At nine o'clock the bugle is sounded a second time, and the service begins. The meeting is held in the school. The Europeans are seated at one end, facing the congregation. In front are the boys and girls attending the day-school, and others employed regularly in the Mission service. The service is opened by the singing of a hymn in the native language. Of hymns there are about thirty, translated and made. The singing is led by Mr Scott, who presides at the harmonium. All Europeans, and natives who can sing, stand when singing; and during the last hymn and prayer, the whole con-

peace, piety, and charity. Every evening of the week was put to use—some of them in private lessons in the native language, some in private classes of half-a-dozen of her husband's garden-boys, some in other classes of half-a-dozen of the older girls. All of these had a large devotional element—parts of Scripture read and explained, prayer offered, and native hymns sung. There seemed a special fervour in the Saturday evening service, ending the week's labours. The course of months and years only deepened her sympathy with the poor natives, especially the women and girls, who on their part were intensely devoted to her.

gregation stands. After the opening hymn, a prayer is said in the native language by the preacher, then a chapter of the Old and New Testament is read, another hymn sung, and the Lord's Prayer repeated by the whole congregation, European and native. An address is then given, which may last twenty minutes or half an hour; another hymn sung, and the service ended by prayer. As a rule, the natives listen attentively and conduct themselves respectably. They do not always refrain from talking to one another. Women bring their children with them, and sit with them on their backs or on their knees. Babes are often quieted by being kept at the breast during the service. Though not so common now at Blantyre, men come with their flint-guns over their shoulder; others bring their axes, knives, and bags containing their whole wardrobe and movable property; tobacco-pipes and snuff-boxes they invariably take with them. Dogs follow their masters, and cannot always be kept outside; and it is not uncommon for the preacher to have to stop until quietness is restored, or fighting dogs put outside.

The native meeting on Sunday morning is conducted generally by Mr Scott; but the other members co-operate heartily with him, and often

take the service. Although the attendance at this meeting is not what it might be nor should be, there is nearly always a fair turn-out, except it may be on a cold or a very wet morning, when perhaps there will be few except the school children and those in the Mission service. I have seen a congregation of 300, and I have seen it as low as 30. The bulk of the congregation is drawn from the Mission villages; but one often sees groups of men and women from villages four and five miles distant.

At eleven o'clock the church bell rings for English service, which is conducted just as in churches at home. All natives who understand a little English come to the English service. The church is a small building of wood, grass, and mud, and used only for religious purposes.

At three o'clock the Sunday-school meets in the manse, when instruction specially suited to the classes is given by Mr Scott and the other teachers. When the weather is favourable, Mr Duncan and Mr MacIlwain and others usually go out to the villages three or four miles distant and hold an open-air meeting—although it occasionally happens that there is a far larger attendance at a beer-drinking in a neighbouring village than that met

to hear God's message. Oftentimes these meetings are largely attended and attentively listened to. I have myself spoken to over a hundred at such a meeting, and I have also spoken to fewer than ten. A melodeon is taken now and then, and the natives brought together by the playing of a few hymns.

At six o'clock there is an English evening service, and the Sunday work at Blantyre is over.

Now as to the working day. On Monday morning the bugle sounds at six o'clock—in the warm weather long before six. A crowd of workers have assembled—some with hoes, some with axes, some with knives, some anxious to have their names written down, others to finish the fortnight begun the previous Monday. The working hours are from six to eleven, and from two to five. At half-past one there is a native meeting, at which all the workers in the station are supposed to attend. A hymn is sung, a short address given, and the meeting closed with prayer. The week-day meeting is conducted by the Mission members, each having his own day. The effect of this meeting is very beneficial to all parties. The speaker has got before him those who have been working with him during the forenoon; and it is not a case of the natives seeing a man in his Sunday clothes

address them, but their own employer, it may be, or superintendent; and they have ample opportunity of testing whether his actions bear out his words. No class of people are more sharp to discern a man's peculiarities than those simple natives; and seeing his good and bad points, they can well judge for themselves.

The work varies according to weather and season. During the wet season the chief work consists in hoeing and keeping the fields and station clear of weeds and grass. In the dry season there is less to do in the fields, and then most of the labour is directed towards the erection of houses, and doing such work as could not be well done during wet weather. Now that the Mission has got a permanent and suitable joiner in Mr MacIlwain, several boys have expressed a strong desire to be taught joiner-work. In the garden there are several boys who are always less or more steadily employed with Mr Duncan. They will work for two or three months, and then have a rest, but come again, and go on working as before. Few natives see a reason for working on steadily from one year to another. Their own method is, with few exceptions, to work half the day and rest the other, and so one month's work and one month's play.

At half-past six in the evening there is worship in the church, which is more of the nature of family worship ; and so ends the working day. All week-days are alike, with the exception of Saturday, which is a half-holiday, all payments having been made and work finished by twelve o'clock.

Training and teaching of the young is a marked feature at Blantyre. The school day begins at 7.30, when the most advanced class, chiefly pupil-teachers, are taught by Mr Hamilton, the school-master, for an hour. The subjects taught are arithmetic, English composition, dictation, grammar, reading and writing, and history. At half-past eight the bell is rung, and then come together an average attendance of a hundred or more boys and girls,—a good number of them willingly and for learning's own sake, a small number unwillingly, but perhaps the greatest number of them looking forward to receiving shirts and calico or handkerchiefing. In the general school their own two languages, Chinyanja and Chião, form the chief part of the reading lessons, the other elementary branches being taught much as at home. At 10.30 the school comes out, and those boarding in the dormitory or living otherwise on the station have their food at a common table in the school, under

the superintendence of the teacher. At 12 o'clock school reassembles, and teaching is carried on till 1.30, when the bugle having sounded for the daily meeting of the workers, the scholars keep their seats, and are then always present at the meeting.

The school is opened daily with singing of hymn, and the Lord's Prayer repeated by all the children. A regular course of Biblical instruction is given, and special time set apart for it. Working with Mr Hamilton are half-a-dozen native teachers, such as Bisnark, Kagāso, Kapito, Malota, Chironga, and others. After school the boys are encouraged to play games under the guidance of Mr. Hamilton, cricket being the favourite one. A large sewing-class of girls is held every afternoon in the manse verandah. Mrs Scott superintends this class, which numbers about 30. Under Mrs Scott's special instruction in housekeeping, cooking, and washing are some 15 or 16 girls, varying in age from 8 to 20 years. These girls get a thorough training. Several of them can wash, starch, and iron shirts and collars with a little looking after.

About 5 o'clock in the afternoon the dormitory boys have their evening meal, and by 8 o'clock all are supposed to be in for the night. A new

school has been built, having a two-storey dormitory at each end, and a schoolmaster's house in the centre.

At Malunga's, on Dilandi, four miles from Blantyre, a small school has been carried on for the last twelvemonth. Kagaso and Kapito go there every afternoon and teach about 40 children, who are drawn chiefly from the villages close at hand. As teachers can be spared from Blantyre, it is Mr Scott's intention to establish similar schools all round Blantyre, and thus extend the direct influence of the Mission, and to keep widening the circle as means and men are found.

Mr Hetherwick has planted a station at Domāsi, on the north-east of Mount Zom̄ba, 50 miles from Blantyre, and from his stations he can reach a great number of chiefs; and so soon as friendly relations are secured and means at his disposal, he will endeavour to plant native teachers in the various districts, where he will be always able to reach them easily himself.

As the Mission has been going on now for nine years, doubtless many are anxious to know what are the results, and may ask such questions as these: How many native Christians have you got? Have any grown-up people embraced Christianity?



Show us the fruit of all the labour and money and lives expended at Blantyre.

To these questions I simply reply they are beyond my power to answer.

Two native boys who had been sent to Lovedale for a time are members of the Communion at Blantyre; but I cannot point to a single native and say this man or that woman has become a Christian as we know Christianity. Still I could name several who know the Gospel well, and who can comprehend the reason for Christ's life and death, and who kneel in prayer night and morning, and who I believe desire, amidst great temptation from without and within themselves, to love God and His Son Jesus Christ. A mere professing of religion at native meetings and in public has never been encouraged; and although we should all rejoice at seeing men and women humbly confessing Jesus Christ in public; what we much more desire to see are actions in private or in public which show that their hearts have been touched by God's Spirit. Day after day God's message is being preached to them both by precept and example, and no man can estimate the exact value of the work done. Seed is sown by no sparing hand, and sooner or later with the blessing of the Almighty real fruit will appear.

Some of my own boys at Zomba could relate, and do relate on many a Sunday evening, parable after parable, miracle after miracle, in almost my own words; but what is far more gratifying is a letter from one of the same boys, badly written and badly spelled though it be, saying: "Master, the other night I heard a noise at the goat-house, and I rose up, and I took the gun that has got the wood along the barrel, and I let it fall, and the keeper for the ramrod was broken off. I am your boy Kakweni." Perhaps you see no force in this, until you know that lying is a cardinal virtue with the African. You ask a man a question, and he answers Yes or No just as his inclination leads him, or as he thinks you would like to be answered. To educate a boy or girl until they speak the truth so that you can believe them, is a most difficult task, and it is little less difficult to live among them so that your own actions stand clear and well defined. To speak and act the truth at any cost, is no part of their philosophy, and yet on the whole they are not bad people. They are easily impressionable thus far, that they agree readily with what you say. Theft amongst themselves is a heinous crime, but there is comparatively little harm in plundering an Englishman. They are rather polite amongst them-

selves as a rule, although you often hear one tell another that he is a liar. They assent to what we preach, but laugh at it afterwards; they will tell you that what you say about God is all very good, but no one cares to think more about it. I have addressed over a thousand meetings of all sizes, and have had hearers of all ages, and all politely listened to what I had to say. One man asked me out of mere curiosity to repeat my address, which I did not do. Another very decent old chief, after I had told him the chief facts connected with the creation of the world, man's fall, the birth, life, and death of Christ, asked me to begin again, which I did most gladly. Again and again have I heard the more intelligent of them discussing what I had just said, and looking at the matter from their own point of view. I remember well having told the story of Naaman the Syrian. I stood for a few minutes, when a lively discussion arose as to the proper meaning of what I had said. Naaman, they said, was a man of war, and he got the right sort of war-medicine from Elisha. I explained the matter over again, and put them on the right track. I mention this merely to show how ready they are to adapt our teaching to their own ideas. Miracles they can easily account for, because their own medicine-men,

playing upon their superstitions, are working miracles among them every day:

Only on one occasion did I ever hear a man venture to say a word in contradiction of our teaching, and this was a chief partly under Arab influence, who said that God's Book was all very good for the white man, but it had no reference to the black man. Let us not despair, but persevere and go forward, earnestly and quietly doing good honest work, without anxiety as to visible results all at once, for it is God's work, and most assuredly we shall reap if we faint not.

There are only two of us now at Blantyre who saw what the country was like before the Mission was established, and who are capable of judging the difference now from then. The difference is great indeed, and one requires to know the whole history of the Mission and of the district, to be able to comprehend, even in a small degree, the powerful influence now working for good. I have not tried to lay before you a fine account, showing only the easy and the prosperous side. Take the case of Sunday. *Lina lia Mulungu*, or God's Day, is known far and wide as a day of rest from work; but I am sorry to say, for a radius six miles round Blantyre it is just as well known as the day in

seven for beer-drinking. It is strictly against the rule to assemble for beer-drinking in the Blantyre villages on Sunday, and the rule is fairly well attended to; but, you take a walk round on a Sunday afternoon, and now and then you may see a man or a woman rushing into their hut with a pot of beer in their arms, and a number of people talking quite gravely outside discussing the weather, crops, news of the district, or the looks and peculiarities of the last-come Englishman. At Zomba, for a long time, they looked upon myself as a sort of Sabbath policeman. Women pounding their grain would drop their pestles and sit down as I suddenly came round a corner, and those hoeing their gardens would try to hide their hoes and sometimes themselves. This, of course, one never likes to encourage, but rather to explain to them in a friendly and quiet way what is meant by God's Day.

I know of no Mission which is likely to have a better future than Blantyre. Mr Scott, who is at the head of it, is a thoroughly able and good man, and all the members work harmoniously together. Already the Mission has a deep hold in the country. It is talked of far and near, and though perhaps it is not without enemies, they are few and far between. All round Blantyre the natives are friendly, and

could be relied upon in an emergency, just as far as the black races could be relied upon anywhere almost. Let us not judge the work done by the number of converts, but wait ten or twenty years, and by that time there is every hope that we shall see a native church governed and supported by themselves.

#### THE LORD'S PRAYER IN CHIÃO.

Wesi wetu jua muli mwinani: lina lienu lisalale, uchimene wenu ujise, lisosa lienu litendeche, pasi pano mpela kwinani. Mtupe lelo ya kulia ya lelo mtutulusyē yakusakala yetu mpela tukutulusya watukulemwa. Mkatujigale ku ya kuliyua, akawe mtukulupusye ku yakusakala. Uchimwene uli wenu, machili genu, lumbile luenu. Amen.

#### CHIEF AGENTS OF THE MISSION SINCE IT BEGAN.

Mr Henry Henderson, pioneer, &c.,	1875-
Dr Macklin, medical missionary,	1876-1880.
Rev. Duff Macdonald, B.D.,	1878-1881.
Wm. K. Peden, M.B., C.M.,	1880-1885.
Rev. David Clement Scott, B.D.,	1881-
Rev. Alex. Hetherwick, M.A.,	1883-
George Milne, M.B., C.M.,	1885-

#### MISSION STAFF IN 1885.

Ordained missionary,	Rev. D. C. Scott.
" "	Rev. A. Hetherwick.
Medical missionary,	Dr Milne.
General agent,	Mr H. Henderson.
Teacher,	Mr John Hamilton.
Agent, Ladies' Association,	Miss Grace Walker.

## 220 CHURCH OF SCOTLAND MISSION.

Gardener and teacher,	Mr Jonathan Duncan.
Carpenter and teacher,	Mr John MacIlwain. *
Native teachers, . . .	Bismark, Kagāso, Kapito, Malota, Chironga, Rondau, Evangeli, Kolimbo, Rosie.
Native printers, . . .	Walani, Nacho, Chisūse.

### ZOMBA (MUTHILL MISSION).

Superintendent (unpaid),	Mr John Buchanan.
Teacher (unpaid), . . .	Mr Robert Buchanan.
Native teachers, . . .	Somanje, Kakwēni, Kambōna, Chelembwē.

### STATIONS OF THE MISSION.

Blantyre, . . .	Church and school (above 120 scholars).
Domāsi, . . .	School and mission.
Ndilandi, . . .	School (40 children).
Chirazūlu, . . .	School.
Nankanga, . . .	School occasional.
Zomba, . . .	School and industrial training.

### COST OF THE MISSION IN 1884.

Salaries (detailed in full account), . . .	£1247	0	0
Payments for building contracts, . . .	670	0	0
Food, . . . . .	99	0	0
Calico, beads, books, and mails, . . .	210	0	0
Cart, tools, tube-well, &c., . . .	160	0	0
Medicines, . . . . .	50	0	0
Sundries (detailed), and road, . . .	38	0	0
Paid for Bismark and Kagāso (detailed), . . .	82	0	0
Travelling—Quilimane and Blantyre, . . .	218	0	0
Freights in Africa and at home, . . .	82	0	0
Outfits, &c., . . . . .	57	0	0
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	£2913	0	0

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- East African Tales in Chiyao, Chinyasa, and Machingo, with English Translations. By the Same. W. Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh : 1881. Pp. 59°.
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- Primer in Chinyanja. By Rev. D. C. Scott.
- Bible Stories—Gen. to Jos. Rev. A. Hetherwick.
- Hymns in Chinyanja. Translated by Rev. D. C. Scott.
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- Blantyre : Mission Life and Work in E. Africa. Ditto : 1885. Pp. 16.

*General.*

- Zambesi and its Tributaries. Dr Livingstone. 1865.
- Eastern Africa : Field for Missionary Labour. Sir Bartle Frere. Murray : 1874.
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- Through Masäi Land? Joseph Thomson. 1885.
- Travels, &c. (in the Press). Consul O'Neill of Mozambique. 1885.
- Africa. A Quarterly Review and Journal. 6d. Partridge & Co.



## CHAPTER VIII.

FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND MISSION AT  
LAKE NYASSA.

Founded in 1875—Mr Young—Steamer Ilala for the lake—Station at Cape Maclear—Trip of discovery to head of lake—Names of staff in 1875, and additions in 1876—Dr Stewart leaves to help at Blantyre—Death of Dr Black—Mr James Stewart succeeds at Blantyre—Dr Laws head at Livingstonia—Deaths of Gunn and Benzie—Mission transferred, 1878, to Bandawè—Vigour of work there—Sub-station on Mangochi hills—Useful as sanatorium also—1878, new sub-station Mwiniland—General prospect of the Mission—Stations and staff in 1885—Outline report of 1885—Books on the Mission.

It is not the intention of the writer of this short chapter to attempt anything like a complete account of the Free Church Mission on Lake Nyassa; to do so would require a volume in itself. At the same time, a short account here may not be out of place.

In May of 1875 the Livingstonia Mission party, numbering seven in all—including Mr Henry Henderson, who went in the capacity of pioneer for the Blantyre Mission—left London for Lake Nyassa.

The party was under the leadership of Mr E. D. Young, R.N., who was already known as the leader of the Livingstone Search Expedition to Nyassa. It was expedient that a steamer should be placed on the lake, both as a means of access to tribes on the lake's shores, and as a place of refuge in case of a hostile attack on the part of the natives, as well as enabling them to communicate more rapidly with the outside world, and carry supplies of stores from the Murchison Rapids to their station on the lake. To place a steamer on this inland sea was a heavy undertaking; but, under skilful management, it was successfully accomplished. Having been landed inside the bar at the Kongōne mouth of the Zambesi, it was put together and steamed up the river to the Murchison Rapids, when it was taken to pieces and carried overland a distance of forty or fifty miles, when it was again put together and steamed up the river into the lake.

The place chosen for the station was at Cape Maclear. Here there was a good harbour for the steamer; but, though having this advantage, time has shown that it was unsuitable for Europeans, and has been abandoned except in so far as a native missionary may be able to carry on mission work, or probably a white man during the healthy months.

As soon as the party got into a settled state after their arrival, the *Ilāla* (steamer) made a trip of discovery to the north end of the lake, when it was found that the lake was 350 miles long instead of 250, as was hitherto supposed. Observations taken by Dr Laws enabled him to draw up a chart of the coast. Meanwhile, those left at Cape Maclear busied themselves in erecting houses in which they might tide over the wet season.

In 1876 a fresh addition arrived for the Mission, — the first party being composed of Dr Laws, M.A., medical missionary; Johnston, joiner; MacFadyen and Simpson, engineers; Riddel, agriculturist; Baker, seaman; and their leader, Mr. E. D. Young, R.N.: the second — under the leadership of Dr Stewart of Lovedale Institution — Dr Black, M.B.; Gunn, agriculturist; Ross, blacksmith; Millar, weaver; and four native evangelists from Lovedale; with Crooks, seaman, for Baker's place on the *Ilāla*. On the arrival of the second party, Dr Stewart assumed the leadership of the whole Mission; and Mr Young, who had now fulfilled his undertaking of placing a steamer on the lake, left for England.

The Mission being thus strengthened by more hands, a great impetus was given to the work of

teaching and preaching, and the erecting of more permanent and suitable houses. Had circumstances permitted, it had been intended that the second party should, as early as convenient, establish a second station; but the course of events that followed prevented the carrying out of this intention. There being no ordained missionary in charge of Blantyre Mission, and as there were three at Livingstonia, Dr Stewart kindly agreed that one of them should act in that capacity for twelve months at Blantyre, by which time it was hoped the Committee at home would have an ordained missionary ready to take the work in hand.

In April of 1877, Dr Stewart, accompanied by his nephew, Mr James Stewart, C.E., from India, came himself to Blantyre, and set the station fairly agoing. During his absence from Livingstonia, the sad event of Dr Black's death cast a gloom over the station: He was a thorough missionary, imbued with the spirit of his Master who called him so soon to Himself,—gentle and kindly disposed towards one and all. It was now impossible for Dr Stewart to fulfil this engagement; for, as Dr Laws had to be pretty often in charge of the Ilāla, Livingstonia, though not without a medical man—Dr Macklin from Blantyre being there at the time

of Dr Black's death—was thus left without an ordained head-steady at home. Leaving Blantyre in charge of Mr James Stewart—to whom is due the credit of planning Blantyre as it was first built, and engineering the Shifè junction-road from Katunga's to Matōpè, and carrying on the Mission till an ordained head arrived—Dr Stewart returned to the lake, and in the end of the dry season travelled over a great extent of the western shore of the lake in search of a more healthy site than that chosen at Cape Maclear. In December of 1877 he returned to Blantyre on his way to Lovedale, and thence to Scotland, where, by lecturing to crowded audiences, he enlisted fresh interest in the Mission.

The Mission was now under Dr Laws's care, and prospered. Teaching and preaching went on daily; children encouraged to come to the school and place themselves under Christian instruction. From time to time European members returned home, and others arrived to fill their places. Towards the end of the wet season in 1879, the Mission sustained two more severe losses in the deaths of Mr Gunn and Captain Benzie. The former was one of its ablest and best members, who had the Mission's cause truly at heart. Being always cheerful and lively, and of a straightforward and manly

disposition, he endeared himself to all who knew him, and was deeply lamented by white and black. Captain Benzie, who had charge of the *Ilāla*, was a man of genial temperament and Christian principle, and his death made a great blank.

Dr Laws and Mr James Stewart in the dry season of 1878 explored the highlands west of the lake, from the Mangōni chief Chikūsè's, south-west of Cape Maclear, to Mombera, another Mangōni chief on the highlands west of Kuta Bay. Two places were pitched upon as observing stations, and eventually Bandāwè was chosen as being the more favourable. It was resolved upon moving the Mission from Cape Maclear to Bandāwè, and gradually this was accomplished. Bandāwè, though by no means all that could be desired, has proved a more healthy and suitable site than that at Cape Maclear. True, the harbour is not a good one; but the difficulty on the lake shores is to get a good harbour with corresponding advantages on land. There are various places on the lake where the steamer could rest at anchor perfectly secure; but then little or no Mission work could be carried on on land at these points.

The Mission has now got a thoroughly good hold at Bandāwè, and Mission work is being

carried on vigorously. There is a vast population who can be easily reached. There is a school, well managed, under the superintendence of Mr Smith. The congregation met on a Sunday is often over 300. The people around are friendly, though not absolutely to be relied upon.

In connection with Bandāwè, a sub-station has been carried on among the Mangōni for four years close to Mombera's capital. The Mangōni hills being at an elevation of 4000 feet above sea-level, and within fifty miles of the lake shores, the Mission has now a sanatorium accessible at any time, to which members whose health has suffered through the debilitating influences of the warmer and more unhealthy climate on the lake may go and recruit. During the Mission's stay at Cape Maclear, Blantyre was of immense benefit as a sanatorium—all the members having in turn an opportunity of restoring their jaded energies.

In September of 1873, Dr Scott, a medical missionary, arrived to take charge of the Mission, so that Dr Laws might return to England and enjoy a well-earned furlough.

Towards the end of 1873 a new station was commenced at Mwiniwanda, and carried on by the Rev. Mr Bain. This new station augurs well, as it

is situated on the African lake's road within sixty miles of Karonga's, where the road leaves the lake. There is thus a great work being carried on on Lake Nyassa; and although progress be slow, it is sure. Already at Bandāwè several boys and girls have professed their faith in Jesus Christ and been baptised. Though the beginning is small, considering the size of the country, the day when every village along the lake's shores will have the Gospel of Jesus Christ proclaimed in it is, perhaps, not so far distant as people are apt to imagine.

The report for 1884 states that, owing to the disturbed state of the country on the lower Shirè, communication was for some months cut off; and in the war between the Machinjiri and the Portuguese, a large quantity of cloth and other goods belonging to the Mission, together with provisions, books, and clothes belonging to individual members of the Mission, were stolen or destroyed. On the lake, with the exception of one or two raids by the Angoni on the lake-shore tribes, not resulting in anything serious, there has been peace near the Mission stations. At Bandāwè the services have been well attended, and through the medical department Dr Scott is gaining increasing influence with the people. The help rendered is being more and



more appreciated and sought after by the people, who by this means see a practical outcome of Christianity. In the schools a number of boys in the early part of the year asked for baptism. Fair progress has been made educationally by not a few, and the regularity of attendance by those living at their own houses is improving very much.

In Angoniland Mrs Koyi has joined her husband, and has the honour of being the first Kaffir woman to carry the Gospel to her kindred in the distant interior. Messrs Sutherland, Williams, and Koyi have been working in this hard field steadily.

At Mwiniwanda, Rev. Mr Bain has now so far reduced the language of the people near his station as to be able to communicate to them the good news of salvation. He has succeeded in gaining the esteem of the people surrounding the station. School-work he has also begun, with a class of boys who have come to stay with him.

At Mombera's, the dwelling-house previously erected has been finished, and a wooden place of worship put up.

At Cape Maclear evangelistic work has been carried on by Charles Konde, and the school has been reopened under Albert Namalamba. Dr Scott visited it for a fortnight; and while there,

in passing up and down the lake, Mr Harkness, engineer of the *Ilala*, has always sought to advance the Master's kingdom.

STATIONS AND STAFF IN 1885 OF LIVINGSTONIA MISSION,  
LAKE NYASSA.

*BANDAWÈ* (centre of west lake shore).

*Cape Maclear* (south end of lake).

*Mombera* (Angoniland, above Bandawè).

*Mwiniwanda* (north end of lake).

*Ohikusi* (west of Cape Maclear), new station.

Ordained medical missionary

(on furlough), . . . Rev. R. Laws, M.A., M.D.,  
F.R.G.S.

Ordained missionary, . . . Rev. J. Alex. Bain, M.A.

Medical missionaries, . . . Dr W. Scott, Dr Elmslie, and  
Dr David Cross.

Kaffir evangelists, . . . Wm. Koyi, George Williams.

Teacher, . . . Mr J. A. Smith.

Teacher at Mombera, . . . Mr J. Sutherland.

Carpenter, . . . Mr Peter M'Callum.

Teachers, . . . Albert Namalambe and Daniel  
Madzanjo.

Catechists, . . . James Brown Mvulu, Charles  
Konde, Andrew Mwana  
Mjobvu.

STEVENSON ROAD (BETWEEN LAKES NYASSA AND  
TANGANYIKA).

Missionary engineer, . . . Mr W. M'Ewan, G.E.<sup>1</sup>

Joiner, . . . Mr Donald Munro.

<sup>1</sup> Died May 1885—fever—aged 23.

## 232 FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND MISSION.

### COST OF MISSION IN 1884.

Salaries, . . . . .	£926	0	0
Travelling expenses and outfit, . .	280	0	0
Stores, &c., . . . . .	708	0	0
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	£1914	0	0
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 Chinyanja Grammar and Vocabulary. Alex. Riddell.  
 Nyimbo (Hymns). Alex. Riddell.  
 African Papers, Nos. I. and II., edited by J. Stewart, M.D.  
 A. Elliot: 1879.  
 Biographical Sketch of Dr Black. 'Good Words.' 1878.  
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 Life of Livingstone. Professor Blaikie. 1880

## CHAPTER IX.

ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES' MISSION AT ZANZIBAR AND  
LAKE NYASSA.<sup>1</sup>

Origin in Livingstone's appeal—Start in 1861—Settlement at Chibisa's—Removal to Magomero—Error of judgment, as to native strife—Death of Bishop Mackenzie—His grave visited—Return to Chibisa's—Removal to Mount Morumbala under Bishop Tozer—Resolve on Zanzibar, and reasons of—New start in 1864 in slave-market—Early history of Bishop Steere—Consecrated 1874, and arrived 1875—His manner of preaching and working—His cathedral—Contrast of slave-market and church—His death and burial, August 1882—Printing-press, and books issued—Branch stations of the Mission—Means of support organised at home—Staff of volunteer workers, cleric and lay—*Résumé*—Bishop Steere's successor, Bishop Smythies—Steamer for Lake Nyassa—Rev. W. P. Johnson—Staff of Mission—Work and cost in 1884—Books upon.

THE origin of the English Universities' Mission to Central Africa is traceable directly to the appeal

<sup>1</sup> The substance of this chapter was a lecture by the Rev. Dr Rankin, Muthill, in January 1884, in Anderston Church, Glasgow, to the Glasgow University Students' Missionary Association. It is contributed and inserted here as completing the view given of Shire highland Missions conducted by different branches of the Christian Church.

made in 1857 by Dr Livingstone to the professors and students of Oxford and Cambridge. It started by the appointment of a bishop and a staff of six men. The first bishop was Charles Frederick Mackenzie, Archdeacon of Natal, who left England October 22, 1860, after a farewell service in Canterbury Cathedral. He was consecrated at Cape Town 1st January 1861, and landed at the mouth of the Zambesi on February 9th.

While Livingstone undertook to conduct the Mission party to their destination, there was some awkwardness in the union of this work with the main object of Livingstone's expedition for the exploration of Nyassa lake and district. Instead of going up the Zambesi, the direct and known way to the intended highlands 300 miles inland, by the Zambesi and Shire, Livingstone resolved to reach the same point by experimenting on the river Rovūma, 450 miles north of the Zambesi. For this rash idea the party re-embarked, and sailed north to the island of Johanna, one of the Comoro group. It was 11th March before the steamer Pioneer got to the mouth of the Rovūma. The ascent of the river proved so difficult that they had to abandon it in eight days, and they had enormous and dispiriting labour to get back to the sea again.

All had more or less of fever. They went back first to Johanna, and then to the Zambesi, the Kongōne mouth, of which they entered 1st May.

On the 7th May they began the ascent of the Zambesi, and had a very slow, toilsome, and unhealthy voyage, arising mainly from their vessel being too large or too deeply laden for the river. They were delayed three weeks in the Elephant Marsh (the most fever-haunted place of all) through grounding. At one point they took 24 days to advance 12 miles. Altogether they took 69 days from Kongōne to Chibisa's, being three times at least what need have been taken even in a common canoe. [In August 1880 my own canoe took 14 days.] Chibisa's village is about 300 miles from the sea, and within 2 miles of our landing-place for Blantyre, which is 30 miles from the river (the Shirè), which joins the Zambesi about 100 from its mouth. At Chibisa's the missionaries remained till 5th August, when they shifted into the highlands, about 60 miles distant (and about 20 miles from Blantyre towards Zomba), to a place called Magomère, which was then intended as their headquarters.

An unfortunate error of judgment was made at this stage in the attitude of the Mission toward

the natives; but this error was as much or even more due to the policy of Dr Livingstone than to that of Bishop Mackenzie. At the worst it was simply an error of judgment, not of heart, and still less of cruelty. There was war between two tribes called Manganja and Yao. The Manganja were then inhabitants of the highlands, and the Yao were attacking them. Livingstone and the Mission (especially the Mission) took the side of the Manganja, and treated the Yao as aggressors and intruders. In this little war the Mission people shot several natives, and burned one of their villages. The Mission acted on the belief that the Yao were both aggressors and slave-dealers or slave-hunters, which turned out afterwards not to be the case. At home considerable reproach was heaped on the Bishop and Mission, very unfairly; for although they acted wrongly, their error was one incidental to their strange surroundings, and into which they were really led by Livingstone's action in *forcibly* freeing slaves at Mbame, when he had neither power nor law on his side to continue a line of conduct which, morally, was quite justifiable.

A special interest attaches to these errors as being not only parallels to errors in connection with our Mission at Blantyre, but perhaps more

serious. But our errors had the misfortune to get early into the hand of sectarian enemies, who set about stirring up the home press on the matter—not to correct the error, but to make it a stalking-horse for an attack on the Church, and to frighten us out of Africa altogether.

On October 1, 1861, the erection of a church was begun, but it never got further than a few posts stuck in the ground. Six weeks later a messenger came from Livingstone, who had got back to his ship at Chibisa's after visiting Lake Nyassa. He was to go down at once to the coast and bring up Mission stores as far as the island Malo, at the mouth of the Ruu, where he appointed to meet the Bishop on January 1, 1862. The Mission was strengthened at this time by three new men.

On December 23, a party of four, including the Bishop and a number of natives, proceeded to keep the appointment with Livingstone, but also on the way to punish a chief (Manasomba), who had been guilty of treachery. On the 28th they burned Manasomba's empty village, and instead of continuing the journey to the Ruu, returned to Magomero on January 2. Immediately the Bishop and another started for the Ruu, not overland, but by way of Chibisa's, which they reached on



January 8. From this it was easy to reach the Ruo in a canoe; but unfortunately next evening their canoe upset, whereby their medicine was lost and their gunpowder got wet, and they themselves had to sleep in wet clothes in the canoe. The upsetting of this canoe involved the ruin of all. The poor Bishop sickened and died, 31st January 1862, while his companion Burrup died on 22d February. As it turned out, Livingstone was unable to keep his appointment, for instead of being *back* at Malo on 1st January, he only passed it in going *down* about that very day. On the 8th March the Bishop's sister and Mrs Burrup got as far as Chibisa's, but on hearing the dreadful tidings they at once returned to the coast. On 25th April the Mission at Magomero was broken up for good, and shifted to Chibisa's. At this period a terrible famine cut off nearly one-half of the population of the Shirè valley. The starved bodies of men were placed in sitting posture beside a tree, with an emblematic bow leaning on the tree, the bow-string cut. Beside the bodies of women, in the same simple emblem-language, was placed a broken water-jar. No more hunting for the one—no more water-carrying or cooking for the other.

On Sunday, 24th October 1880, when descending

the Shire, I visited Bishop Mackenzie's grave, which is under a great acacia-tree. The path to it was through spear-grass lately burnt. The spot is not easy to find without a native guide. It is marked by a monument of iron in the form of a cross, with an inscription on a bronze shield in the centre, and surmounted by a crown. I copied the inscription as follows: "Here lieth Charles Frederick Mackenzie, Missionary Bishop, who died January 31, 1862, a follower of Him who was anointed to preach deliverance to the captives, and to set at liberty them that are bruised." We all stood in silence at this lonely resting-place for a distinguished Cambridge student and earnest missionary hero, thinking of the coming day of resurrection, when he shall arise to join the general assembly of the first-born. More than once I have read proposals to erect over his grave a cathedral, but nothing could be more foolish romance, as the place is one of the most low-lying and unhealthy in the valley. The true honour to his memory is firmly and wisely to persevere in his noble work.

In 1863 the Mission suffered by two more deaths, Dickinson at Chibisa's in March, and Thornton at Matiti in April. In the end of June they got a new head in Bishop Tozer, who was accompanied by Mr

Alington. At the same time came word of the recall of Livingstone's expedition by Government.

Apparently three things combined (odium at home for war, deaths of members, and Livingstone's recall) to suggest to Bishop Tozer the propriety of considerable or complete change of plan for the Mission. He went up to see Chibisa's and to consult with Livingstone; but so much was there a foregone conclusion that he left five of his party at Mazāro, down on the Zambesi. The new site fixed on was the side of Mount Morumbāla, about thirty miles above the junction of the Shirè with the Zambesi. This was in August 1863. The place chosen was not suitable; it is too near to a vast extent of marsh, which makes a dreary outlook as well as pestilential district. They remained there only a few months, when the whole company left the Shirè and Zambesi for Cape Town.

The object of the voyage to Cape Town was to consult with friends as to the future of the Mission. After three weeks' stay it was agreed to make Zanzibar their headquarters. All went home to England save two—viz., Bishop Tozer and Dr Steere. The reasons for this great step were: (1.) Because Zanzibar is the capital of East Africa and a great centre of trade; (2.) Because the Sultan of Zanzibar has sway

over a great extent of coast, from Cape Gardafui in the north, near Aden, to Cape Delgado, opposite the Comoro Islands, where the Portuguese rule begins ; (3.) Because the Swahili language used at Zanzibar is the *dominant* tongue both of coast and interior. Zanzibar is 800 miles north of the Zambesi : it is an island twenty miles from the mainland, forty-eight by eighteen miles extent ; population about 200,000.

When they arrived at Zanzibar in August 1864, there was an open and unblushing slave-market, the last surviving, or at least the greatest, in the world, where human beings were sold and bought as so many cattle. At first the Mission premises were in a fine situation in a large house, on a point surrounded on three sides by the sea, which is now the place of the Consul-General. From this they shifted more inland, to the open space of the slave-market when it was closed to traffic, and the site was turned to account for the chief church of the Mission, now the best building of any kind in the whole of East Africa, and a noble monument of Gospel success and Christian taste.

It will simplify our course if, at this stage, we end all reference to Bishop Tozer, and introduce the personality of his successor, Dr Steere, as the real head of the Mission from the day he joined it.

Bishop Tozer left Zanzibar in ill health for England in September 1866, and only returned in July 1868. In 1871 he again left in ill health, and finally in April 1872 resigned.

Dr Steere was the son of William Steere, of the Chancery Bar, and was born in 1828 in London, where King's Cross Station now is. He was educated privately, and in 1847 graduated at the London University as B.A.; in 1849 he graduated as LL.D., taking the gold medal. While he began life as a barrister, he early showed a leaning toward spiritual work by voluntarily labouring among the poor and ignorant in three London parishes as a member of the Guild of St Alban. He felt such a preference for the Church that he left the Bar, and was ordained deacon for King's Kerswell, in Devonshire, in 1856; two years later priest for Skegness, in Lincolnshire; and in 1862 became rector of Steeping. When in this position he was consulted by Dr Tozer as to accepting the office of missionary bishop for East Africa. Steere recommended acceptance, and volunteered to go with him and help for two years. Thus came he to be with Tozer from the first—left for a little at Mazāro, then three months at Morumbāla, then taken to Cape Town for council, then at Zanzibar in 1864 at the fresh

start. So entirely was his heart in the work that the two years of volunteering were extended to six, during which, in addition to Mission work more directly so called, he laboured mightily at the languages of the natives, not merely to speak and preach in them, but to master their words and grammar so as to reduce them to system, and present them in printed books for the help of all fellow and future missionaries. He had a special gift for work of this sort, and had also the clearness of view to see that this was the basis of all real and lasting success. Of his return to England in 1866 he says himself, "Then I brought home a grammar and dictionary of the language, and several parts of the Bible translated, and other help in our work."

Dr Steere remained in England from end of 1868 to March 1871. At this point he resigned his English living. Again he visited England in August 1874 as Bishop-elect, and was consecrated in Westminster Abbey 24th August, and was at Zanzibar in March of next year.

In the providence of God he was spared long enough to impress his own individuality on the Mission; and being a thoroughly capable man, he framed a careful system and worked it out steadily year by year with a firm hand and earnest heart,

without the hesitancy and foolish changes and foolish choices associated with the working of most mission committees, where, perhaps, three-fourths of the members are irregular attenders of meetings or mere dittoes to a convener, or silly, goody men, who have little idea of business or skill in judging fitness of agents. In looking critically at the work done by Bishop Steere, a very important element is to note the length of time during which he was spared by God—twenty years in all, of which eight were spent as Bishop. He was fifty-four at his death. This gives a unity and ripeness to his method and views that we rarely meet with in such a climate.

In reading a continuous history of the Universities' Mission, one of the sad and almost oppressive things is the frequency with which you meet a new name marked by scholarship or zeal, but in a single year or two *that* career is suddenly cut short. By-and-by the Mission where these things occur comes to be considered very dangerous to health, and a depressing fear haunts its members and their relatives. In East and Central Africa there is no need of this in any unusual degree if proper precautions are taken. Only healthy men should be allowed to go, and after careful medical

examination. Travelling should be limited to certain seasons of the year; settlements should be made for Europeans only in certain localities; change should be frequently provided. With observance of such conditions there is no serious danger even in East or Central Africa.

Returning to Bishop Steere. On two Sunday evenings in 1880—25th July and 12th December—it was my privilege to hear him preach in the Mission Chapel at Zanzibar. His style was quiet but earnest; what he said was very plain, but thoughtful and admirably expressed. The European congregation was naturally small—from twenty-five to thirty—half-a-dozen of us being new arrivals by the steamer. The native congregation, mostly Mission scholars (boys and girls), was peculiarly interesting, especially in their singing and in the responses in prayer. Three or four times I was at luncheon or tea in the Mission house, and had considerable conversation with the Bishop on Mission affairs. He was at much pains in trying to arrange about a guide and interpreter to accompany me in my journey up the Zambesi and Shirè. What I enjoyed most of all was his escort and explanations all over his nearly completed cathedral. It is not great in size, but it is one of the most appropriate



pieces of church architecture I have ever seen. The Bishop was his own architect and master of works. The style is a mixture of Gothic and Arabic, with windows, very narrow but of great beauty, in a very thick wall. There is a fine semicircular apse, with a bishop's seat or throne in the middle behind. The roof is solid, barrel-vaulted in brick, temporarily thatched, but to be covered with zinc. We ascended the staircase in the spire and got out on to the open roof, where is a stair up to the ridge of the roof, where a glorious prospect is had over the whole town, and a great stretch of sea and of the island landscape. We stood nearly half an hour talking over the fine building and its marvellous surroundings.

Service was held in the building on Christmas-day—a fortnight after this. In little more than a year and half later, on 28th August 1882, the architect-Bishop was laid to rest in the apse of his own lovely church, between the Communion table and the bishop's seat.

Here is what the good Bishop himself says of this church and its site: "We did not begin to raise the material church without laying first, the foundations of the true Church. I began my vernacular preaching in the old slave-market, and soon the room was

filled to overflowing with listeners, and the tracts and papers we were able to print were eagerly snatched from my hands. Africa is ready, if only England be ready too. Look on the two pictures! Rows of men, women, and children, sitting and standing, and salesmen and purchasers passing in and out among them, examining them, handling them, chaffering over them, bandying their filthy jokes about them, and worse scenes still going on in all the huts around. And then in the same spot, see instead the priest and preacher, the teacher, the physician, the nurse, the children crowding to be taught, the grown men coming to hear of God and Christ, the sick and suffering finding help and health. Look at these two pictures, and is it not a blessed and a glorious change, and is it not worth a life to have made it possible?"

The Bishop's end was very sudden. He had recently been to England; had a rough passage back, and was not quite so well, yet almost as active as ever. On a Thursday the mail had arrived, always an important day. Next day he was busy writing letters of reply and of business. On Saturday he posted these himself, and was to have been at Mbweni (four miles off) for duty on Sunday; but early on Sunday he was not off and his door was

fast, and no answer came to repeated knocking. When the door was at last forced, he was found in bed, unconscious from apoplexy, and breathing hard. He lingered till the afternoon. That night a grave was dug in his own church, just at the foot of the bishop's seat. The funeral was on Monday morning at ten, attended by consuls home and foreign, captain, officers, and sailors of the guardship London, a representative of the Sultan, and a vast and mourning crowd of townspeople. This was 28th August 1882. "So we laid the wise master-builder to rest within the temple that his love and skill combined to raise."

In such a Mission a printing-press is of great use, and it is a singular fact that native boys soon learn to be excellent compositors and printers, and are very fond of the work. I saw this in our own Mission at Blantyre, and the same thing was much further advanced at Zanzibar. Speaking of Bishop Steere's work even in 1868, Mr Rowley says: "He had reduced the Swahili to writing, and found out its grammatical rules. . . . He had made and printed in Zanzibar a vocabulary and sketch-grammar of the Shambala and Nyamwezi languages, and a rather fuller work on the Yao language. His translations comprised some of the Old Testament

histories, the Psalms, the Gospel of St Matthew, and the Catechism and other parts of the Prayer-Book" (p. 194). In September 1871, Bishop Tozer writes (p. 209): "Our printing-press has again been set in motion. By its help we have made a beginning of a Mission Prayer-Book; but the first really great work, which is being got ready for the press, is the Gospel of St Luke in Swahili. Dr Steere's 'Handbook of the Swahili Language' has arrived, and has already secured for itself a wide circulation."

In 1876 the Bishop himself gives the following list of printing work as then on hand: Translation of 1 John into Swahili; Swahili Extract from 2 Corinthians, in Roman and Arabic type; Tract on Christianity and Mohammedanism in Swahili, in Arabic and Roman type; Exercises in Swahili; Reprint of Spelling-Book in Swahili; Translation of Epistle to Ephesians; Handbook of Makonde; Old Swahili Poetry; Swahili Arabic Dictionary. In 1882 the whole of the New Testament had been translated, the whole of the English Prayer-Book, and nearly the whole of the Old Testament.

Besides the printing-press, there is in the Mission a carpenter's shop, a forge, a tailory, a laundry, and in the country agricultural and gardening work both for boys and men.

Our space forbids a detailed account of the several stations at which the work of the University Mission is conducted; but their number and extent may be indicated by a short list.

In the island of Zanzibar itself there are four branches:—

1. In the town, the headquarters at Mkunazini, the old slave-market, with the grand church already described, besides infant-school, school for children of townspeople, dispensary, and nursery for infants.

2. At the farther end of the town a sub-station, with frequent services and classes; also zenana work among Mohammedan ladies.

3. Two miles from town, at Kiungani, a boys' school, with various workshops and printing-office.

4. Four miles from town, the Mission-farm of Mbweni, with a Christian village of adults, and girls' and infants' school. Here is a plantation of cocoa-nut trees; an engine available for dragging stone, sawing wood, and grinding corn; besides kilns for burning bricks and lime.

On the mainland there are three stations, or rather groups of stations:—

1. At 80 miles' distance north or north-west, in the Usambara country, is Magila, with its de-

pendencies—oldest and best known station out of Zanzibar.

2. At 300 miles south of Zanzibar, in the Rovūma valley, is Masasi—a settlement for freed slaves, which has lately been transferred to Newala, 40 miles east, for safety from native raids.

3. At a point 40 miles from the south end of Lake Nyassa, and 250 south-west from Masasi, still in the valley of the Rovūma, is the newest station of Mwembe or Matāka. Shortly after his arrival as bishop, in 1875, Dr Steere made a journey to this outpost,—of twenty-seven days' march,—staying a fortnight; while the return journey from Mwembe to Lindi took thirty-one days.

Matāka is only about 100 miles north of our station at Zomba, and 150 from Blantyre. Thus does the University Mission now stretch in a line of posts from Zanzibar to the Nyassa and the Shire highlands.

In one of his latest speeches expounding his plans at home, Bishop Steere says (Report 1882): "If we can establish this chain of missions from coast to lake, we should then be able to extend in either direction. I am not at all inclined to stand still; we have gone forward in a most wonderful way. When I went out as Bishop I found three

English people in Zanzibar; two went out with myself, and that formed the whole staff of the Mission. Now we have thirty-four Europeans, and a large force of emancipated natives; so that whenever one of our number goes to a fresh station, there go with him natives to help in his household affairs and in his teaching; and as these grow more and more, we are able to commit more and more to them. We see, too, that this church is beginning to be a reality, when we know that, amongst these native teachers themselves, they are accustomed to meet for prayer together, for the blessing of God upon their teaching, and His grace upon those who hear them and learn at their hands. And if you can conceive that little mud-hut where this little company are gathered together to pray, I venture to think it is a thing much more magnificent and noble than any church that we could have raised of mere stone and mortar."

Not unimportant is it to inspect the means in operation at home for the support of such a Mission. There are two organising secretaries (Northern and Southern Province). There are committees at three university seats—Oxford, Cambridge, Durham—which raised £800 last year.

There are committees in thirty dioceses which raised £7250. The entire income for the year (including special funds) was £13,000. Besides the publication of an annual Report of a clear, condensed, and useful sort (at 2d. a copy), there is a monthly magazine (at 1d.)—‘Central Africa,’—a monthly record of the work of the Universities’ Mission, which gives the latest information point by point. Previous to the starting of the magazine there were “Occasional Papers,” written in an interesting style.

Some of the facts just stated show, that the Mission is by no means so closely associated with the universities as its name implies—seeing that barely one-thirteenth part of its income is drawn directly from that source. But the work is good, and it began with the universities, and is still vigorously maintained by them.

One striking feature of the system has not yet been alluded to—viz, that although the revenue is so large as £13,000 a-year, only a very small portion of that sum goes towards salaries of the agents. All the European agents are mainly volunteers living on their own private means, or with a merely nominal salary—the chief *public* expense being their passages out and home, and their board



at the station. This is specially the case with the ladies, who have done a most noble and disinterested work in girls' and infant schools.

Looking back over this outline history of the Universities' Mission, we should, I think, take note of the following points:—

1. The early years of labour, reproach, sacrifice of life, and comparative failure.
2. Ultimate success at Zanzibar—the choice of which (probably) largely lay with Dr Steere.
3. The success is largely attributable to a wise and faithful bishop, who was spared for eight years.
4. The great aim is to raise a native ministry.
5. Special use made of the printing-press, and of training in a few handicrafts.
6. Method of volunteer European agents.
7. Careful organisation at home both for raising funds and spreading information.
8. Members on furlough are personal pleaders for the Mission.

Knowledge of good work done by others, calmly looked into, especially to mark its means and method, is of great use to guide and quicken us in all similar work of our own. Thus may Church learn from Church, and one branch of the Church stir up another, not controversially, but

in the better way of provoking to good works. To this worthy end may God bless our present review.

Bishop Steere's successor—Charles Alan Smythies, D.D.—was consecrated in St Paul's, London, 30th November 1883. Bishop Smythies is of Trinity College, Cambridge, graduated B.A. in 1867, was ordained in 1868, and in 1880 became vicar of Roath, in Glamorganshire. He sailed for his already historic charge in January 1884, with a party of no fewer than eight fellow-workers. Since then he has visited Magila (opposite Zanzibar), Newala (on the Rovuma), and Quilimane, and intends to visit the remote Nyassa stations.

The chief recent undertaking of the Mission is a steamer to be placed on Lake Nyassa, at a cost of £5000—the Charles Janson—in memory of a deceased and devoted missionary. The vessel is 65 feet long, 12 feet beam, draught 5 feet, and to carry 20 tons. Nearly all the money is raised; and in December 1884 the steamer was at Quilimane in 800 pieces, suitable for carriage along the Blautyre road to Matope. The steamer is to be used as a mission-ship, and as a training-home for African teachers. The teachers are to be landed and settled in the villages bordering the east coast of the lake, and

visited by means of the steamer at regular intervals. If one may judge by the experience of the *Ilala*, this is too sanguine an anticipation, in two ways: (1.) that the lake is liable to severe storms, so that the safety of the steamer is not permanently reliable; and (2.) the lake and its shores are inimical to European health, similarly to the river from Quilimane to Katunga's. Should these serious dangers be avoided, then the vessel may become a precious auxiliary to the Mission, like the famous Southern Cross yacht of Bishop Patteson of Melanesia. "So mote it be," prays the writer.

By a sad fate the main promoter of the steamer enterprise,—Rev. W. P. Johnson,—after eight years of splendid mission and exploration work between the east coast of Nyassa and the sea, was attacked by ophthalmia in January 1885, and has had to return home, where he has permanently lost the sight of one eye.

With the steamer it is proposed by Mr Johnson to join a *training-ship*, to be built by native carpenters on the shores of Nyassa. "The two best harbours of the lake are conveniently placed on the east side, one about the middle and the other farther south. The former is within three days of the Gwangwara, the most formidable of the pre-

datory tribes of Zulu origin and speech. The ship, together with a small island near the mouth of the harbour, might serve as a centre of work. The other harbour is farther from the Gwangwara, but near a fine limestone and slate country. The ship might be used for large stores, so that a temporary interruption of communication on the Shire would not break up our work. It might also serve as a school, and we shall find plenty of boy's work in all the odd jobs of a sailor's life."—Letter in 'Central Africa,' April 1884.

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